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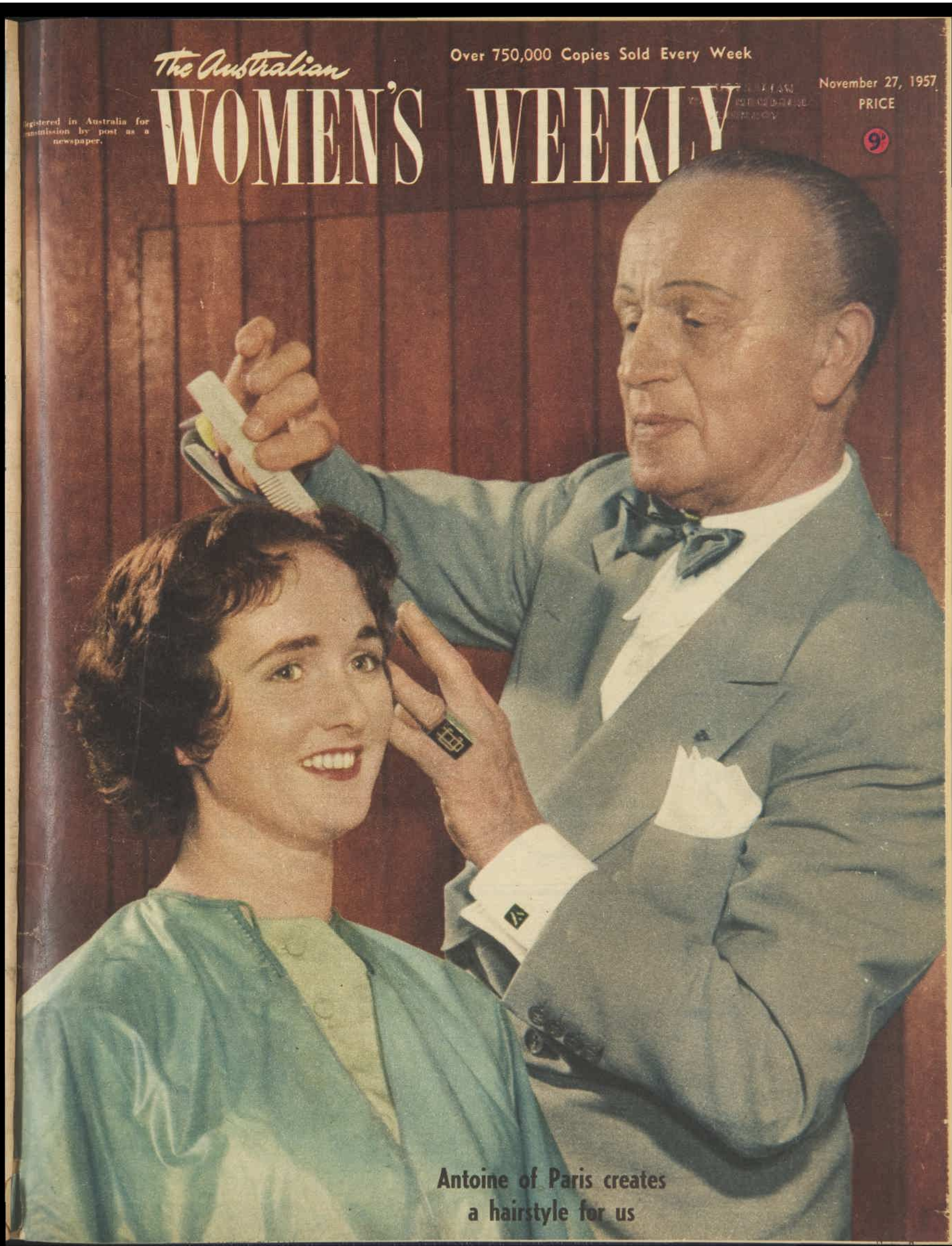

Antoine of Paris creates a hairstyle for us

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PHILIP TALKS GOOD SENSE

PRINCE PHILIP talked cosmic commonsense when he told a bunch of schoolboys in England recently that everybody has got to understand a little bit about science.

"Otherwise," he said, with a frankness the boys must have appreciated, "he can't understand what the hell goes on around him."

Prince Philip is, of course, right, because in the past month or so we human beings have moved into another dimension with a limitless horizon.

Only 50 years ago, when newfangled things called flying machines were first appearing, the moon was something in the sky which gave so much light that lovers couldn't escape from those old narks called chaperons.

Now the moon is a potential bus stop on the journey into space and the exploration of time, or a rocket platform to dominate this world.

Because science, whether in medicine or radio-physics, influences us all in some way eventually, people living in an atom-rocket-space age should at least learn its ABC.

If they don't they will be illiterates, out of touch with life around them, and incapable of understanding the tremendous forces man has harnessed to make this a better world or to destroy it.

But Prince Philip took care to point out that science was not enough when he said: "It is quite ridiculous to assume that because you twiddle about with test tubes you should not know about painting or be able to appreciate music or history."

That, too, was commonsense and good advice to adults as well as schoolboys.

Our cover

● World-famous hair stylist, Antoine of Paris, during his brief visit to Sydney, designed an easy-to-care-for summer hair-do for staff reporter Patricia O'Connell. Staff photographer Keith Barlow took our cover picture in Stegma's Salon, Sydney, which was lent for the occasion. See also page 4.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● ***The reproduction of "September Morn" opposite will remind many of our older readers of an equally famous painting—"The Sea Hath Its Pearls"—reproductions of which hung over thousands of mantelpieces earlier this century.***

THIS painting by English artist W. H. Margetson also showed a lady by the sea, but clothed in a filmy Grecian-styled gown and sandals.

We rang Mr. Hal Missingham, Director of the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., to find out what had happened to the original painting.

"It's right here," he said. "The Gallery bought it in London in 1898."

Mr. Missingham told us that a well-known Sydney writer-artist had a covetous eye on "The Sea Hath Its Pearls."

"He's an English North Country man and says the painting reminds him of home," Mr. Missingham explained. "Everybody in his home town had a print of it hanging on the wall."

However, it's unlikely that "The Sea Hath Its Pearls" will have the financial revival of "September Morn."

Perhaps it's because the lady is clad.

★ ★ ★

OUR "Some Traps in Buying Land" (November 13) brought inquiries about buying land in Sydney's Green Belt—that strip of 86,000 acres of country which circles behind Sydney from Warringah to Sutherland.

You can buy and build in the Green Belt, but, as the chairman of the Cumberland County Council (Mr. Ronald S. Luke) says: "To preserve open development in the area minimum areas have been established which must be owned before permission will be given to build."

"Minimum areas" range from five acres down to one acre, and sometimes less, and the size of blocks varies from area to area.

The best advice, if you're interested in Green Belt land, is to take all your questions to the Cumberland County Council and get them answered by experts—free.

★ ★ ★

LOUISE HUNTER, who looks after our "Here's Your Answer" feature every week, is receiving scores of letters from teenagers in their first job asking whether they should give the boss a Christmas present.

Because of lack of space in her column, she's asked us to reply that the answer is "No."

"Of course, there may be exceptions to that in a small office," she said, "but in large impersonal concerns, it would be presumptuous for teenagers (who usually see the boss only from afar) to give him or her a gift."

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REMEMBER "SEPTEMBER MORN"?

PAINTED IN 1912 by Paul Chabat, "September Morn" now hangs in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Here John Figueroa, a University art lecturer from the West Indies, studies it. He called the painting, which once stirred up a moralistic furore, an authentic masterpiece.

Famous nude that once shocked the world is now "clothed in respectability"

Picture and story by ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York office

"SEPTEMBER MORN," the century's most famous nude until Marilyn Monroe posed for a calendar, has been retrieved from the junk heap.

It has gone on display in New York's Great Hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art just 44 years after it had stirred up a moralistic furore that sent an art dealer to gaol, got the picture banned from the mails, and became a press agent's dream.

Twenty years later it enjoyed a session of respectable popularity, decorated thousands of suburban drawing - rooms. Tastes in art changed. The prints were relegated to the attic. It was almost forgotten —until this year.

Paul Chabat, a respected French academician, painted the chilly nude on the shore of Lake Annecy in Upper Savoie in 1912, using a peasant girl as a model.

In Europe it was considered nothing daring. A wealthy Russian bought it for 10,000 dollars and it seemed destined to become one of those well-executed minor works that collect dust in a rich man's billiard-room.

When a good reproduction of "Matinee de Septembre" reached New York in 1913, an art dealer called in Harry Reichenbach, a great press agent of that era.

The drum-beater advised the dealer to put the painting in his shop window. Then he telephoned Anthony Comstock, secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and told him there was an indecent painting being exhibited.

Comstock went down to the shop, had one look and stormed inside. "There's too little morning and too much maid," he thundered and ordered the painting taken down.

The dealer refused, was arrested, and subsequently acquitted of holding an obscene exhibition.

But the fat was in the fire. Thousands of people descended on the shop to see the notorious nude.

"The Times" leaped to the defence of free art with a ringing editorial entitled "Prurient Prudes at Work." It argued that: "This picture, though a nude, happens to be as delicate and innocent as it is beautiful."

Comstock fought back. He got the picture banned from the U.S. mails, and it was denounced by such organisations as the Civic Purity League of Watertown, New York.

Then "September Morn" was immortalised in a popular song and emerged victorious in several obscenity-law prosecutions throughout the country.

Sales of copies were phenomenal. "September Morn," in general conversation, became synonymous with nudity.

With other times came other customs.

The undraped maid of Annecy became modesty itself compared with the immodest flappers of the 1920s, the pin-ups of the '30s, and the Sabrina-style, wolf-whistle-raisers of our era.

And the myriad reproductions of "September Morn" have long since vanished from barber shops and men's bars, and have given way to more buxom beauties.

Recently the original painting turned up in Paris. William Coxe Wright, a wealthy Philadelphian, bought it for 30,000 dollars and, apparently lacking a billiard-room, presented it to the Metropolitan.

There, as an authentic exhibit of American folklore, it went on show before curious, but unscandalised, New Yorkers.

As I stood studying the classic beauty of another era a schoolteacher brushed by informing her flock of 10-year-olds: "This painting, 'September Morn,' used to be thought very naughty, but times have changed. Let's go downstairs and see the Egyptian mummies."

And here are some of the comments of viewers:

"It's about as sensational as Whistler's Mother."

"It's beautiful innocence."

"I don't like her hairdo."

"It was the style in those days."

"You'd never have noticed her if there hadn't been such a hullabaloo about it."

John Figueroa, lecturer in art at the University College of the West Indies, told me: "It's first-class figure painting. And look at that back lighting, especially that touch of sunrise-red showing through the elbow. I think it's an authentic masterpiece."

It seems that the painting may actually be on the verge of a second mild wave of popularity.

Brad Kelleher, the museum's sales manager, told me requests had been pouring in for reproductions.

"Nobody wants to use her on a calendar, though," he added.

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ECONOMY TUBE 3/3 (Slightly more in some areas)

ANTOINE'S HAIR-DO

BEFORE

● ***When the famous Antoine of Paris visited Sydney last week we asked him to create a hairstyle for us. (See cover.) Staff reporter Patricia O'Connell was our model, and below she tells her story.***

AFTER

He spends 45 minutes on cutting and shaping

● **"AH! You are the one to be sacrificed."**

Antoine took one long, considering look at my reflection in the mirror, carefully adjusted his rose-tinted spectacles, and began to create a hairstyle for the Australian summer.

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

PICKING up a lock of my hair, he murmured, "A hairstyle pour le sport—the swimming, the tennis, the outdoors."

I am not the outdoor type. I can't swim, and I loathe tennis.

And I couldn't repress a shudder as this dapper septuagenarian started to cut off my thick, shoulder-length hair, which had taken three years to grow.

"Pouf! Thees razor is unmanageable," and he brushed it aside disdainfully.

He called for one that was "really sharp," and for a while made do with a pair of long, shiny shears that glinted wickedly under the fluorescent light in Stegma's salon.

"It is impossible to cut hair properly in eight to 10 minutes. Me, I sometimes take up to 45 minutes to shape the hair. Those who do it quickly are not experts. It is just mass production."

As he talked he was carefully wielding the shears — and my hair was rapidly dropping to the floor.

I asked if he thought me a good subject for experiment. He paused, looked as if he were mentally comparing me with every client he'd ever had, and replied: "Excellent. Such good, thick hair, and, most important, you are not afraid of the scissors."

Snip, snip, snip

Not afraid? I was feeling terrified, and my hair just kept on falling to the floor.

After brushing half a pint of cold water through it, Antoine lovingly picked up a straight razor and proceeded to cut off (I hesitate to say hack) a few more inches.

Then another pint of water (hot, this time), and the rest of my hair cascaded to the floor, leaving me looking like a sparsely thatched coconut.

Perhaps Antoine noticed my stricken gaze, because he remarked with a shrug: "Of course, if this were Paris, and you wished to be truly chic, I would cut twice as much . . ."

Thirty-five minutes after the operation began most of my hair was on the floor. Then Antoine's assistant, Monsieur Charles, a rotund little man, grabbed a handful of hairpins and started deftly pinning up dozens of tiny curls.

"Experts always use hairpins, and never bobby-pins or clips, which break the hair," murmured Antoine, who was watching sleepily. "Hairpins take twice as long to pin up a set, but they are just twice as good."

Then he took the stage again to tie the hairnet — "This is one of the most important parts of the hairset" —and I was popped under a drier, with fingers and toes crossed for luck.

Brooding in my hot-box, I was unmoved by the thought that I had joined the ranks of Antoine's thousands of beautiful clients.

Royal heads

He has arranged many royal heads in Europe, including those of the Queen of Yugoslavia and the Queen of Bulgaria. He set the Duchess of Windsor's hair on the eve of her wedding in 1936.

Famous hostesses Lady Mendl and Elsa Maxwell recommended him to their friends. French actress Giselle Pascale (friend of Prince Rainier before his marriage) was another. The list is endless.

But I kept thinking of that severed heap of hair of mine.

Even the fact that the master himself had cut and styled my hair failed to console me. Antoine in his Paris salon usually works in a purely advisory capacity, never touching the client's hair.

During those 40 minutes under the drier Antoine prowled through the salon trying to find a particular shade of grey-blue for a rinse to be mixed and applied to his own thick silvering hair.

And while Monsieur Charles (Antoine calls him Charlie) superintended the mixing, the master sat beside me in the cubicle and had his square-tipped nails manicured and varnished to match his toenails. He wears platform-soled, toe-peeper sandals and the silvered toenails gleam through sheer nylon socks.

Theatre wigs

Then he opened a bulky manila envelope and handed round photographs of exotic theatrical wigs he had designed for the Japanese theatre. This to me was the last straw. I had visions of wearing a heavy wig until my hair grew long again.

Finally I was whisked from under the drier. Charlie made a few swift passes across my head and all the hairpins came out. Antoine picked up a comb, raised his carefully pencilled mauve eyebrows, and began to coax my hair into shape.

"The hair is cut to show the shape of the head, not disguise it," he said. "Although a classical centre parting would suit you, we will try one across the bias of your head and will accent the eyes."

He was humming as he combed deftly and gently. Perhaps he had been humming all the time, but I noticed it now because I was holding my breath.

"There, Mademoiselle!" A gentle pat to a wave and it was all over. Antoine stepped back and looked carefully at my reflection. So did I.

How do I like my new hairdo? I don't. I love it.

ANTOINE (left), after cutting Patricia's hair, patted waves in position and handed over the pinning to M. Charles Roget, a director of his firm who is travelling with him.

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JENNY LINDSTROM, Ingrid's first child, met the Bergman-Rossellini children, Robertino (rear), and twins Isabella and Ingrid while visiting mother in Italy this year.

TEN DAYS before their final separation, Ingrid and Rossellini stifled divorce rumors with this passionate Paris reunion. —"Paris-Match" photo.

It's all over—and Ingrid says she's glad

WITHIN hours of the legal separation of Ingrid Bergman and Italian film producer Roberto Rossellini reports were circulating that the actress planned to marry wealthy and handsome Swedish company director Lars Schmidt.

Ingrid, now in London and planning to stay there for a year making films, has denied the reports.

And when asked about the final break-up of her marriage to Rossellini, for whom she left home, husband, and Hollywood eight years ago, she would say only:

"I am glad it is all over. I feel happy for myself and my children. I do not have any regrets about my years in Italy—I learned so much from my husband."

DR. PETER LINDSTROM frowned and glared during his year-long divorce fight for the custody of daughter Jenny, who was then 13. The girl told the court she didn't want to join her mother in Italy, and father won his case.

CAMERAS harassed Ingrid throughout her life with Rossellini, whom she married four months after the birth of their son, Robertino. Sometimes the temperamental couple bickered publicly (right), especially when making films together. Friends say Rossellini broke Ingrid financially.

PRETTY Indian film script-writer Mrs. Sonali Das Gupta, below, with whom Rossellini was romantically involved while in India. She is believed to be in hiding in Rome, while film gossips say Rossellini is planning to turn Hindu.

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Football pool win: £200,000 FOR 2d.

COMEDIAN Norman Wisdom kisses Mrs. McGrail as he presents her with the bumper cheque. With her are daughters Irene and Barbara.

"Have a cuppa," said little Mrs. Nellie McGrail

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● The rags-to-riches story of Mrs. Nellie McGrail, the little widow of Manchester who won £200,000 for 2d. in a football pool, has stirred Britain's 40 million gamblers to greater frenzies.

THE precise amount won by Mrs. McGrail was £205,235 sterling, which, translated to the Australian pound, is £256,643.

It was the biggest dividend ever handed out by a football pool firm in Britain, where football pools are to the citizens what lotteries are to Australians, only more so.

Had Mrs. McGrail been handpicked to receive this reward the people who run the pools — Littlewoods of Liverpool — could not have chosen anyone more calculated to appeal to the average Britisher.

She is a 34-year-old widow, only 4ft. 10in. tall, and lives in an outer suburb of industrial Manchester with her two children, Irene, 14, and Barbara, 11.

Last April her husband died from injuries in an accident. She was awarded £125 compensation and left with the grim prospect of bringing up her growing daughters.

Every morning she left her little home at daybreak to earn £5/10/- a week in a mail-order office.

Then came the fantastic turn in her life — with a midnight knock on the door of her mortgaged home.

The children were asleep in bed. Mrs. McGrail was still up, cutting the school lunches for next day and doing household tasks.

Nervously she went to the door.

On the step were two strange men. They raised their hats — with deference.

"Mrs. McGrail," said one, "we are from Littlewoods, and we have to tell you that you have won the biggest dividend ever handed out by the firm. It amounts to £205,000."

Stunned, Mrs. McGrail answered with the habit of North Country hospitality: **"Do have a cuppa tea," she said.**

And it was over the strongly brewed tea that the full realisation came to her. She was a rich woman — a very rich woman indeed.

Later in London, when she had recovered from the initial shock, she said more: "It just left me as though I had had a very cold shower and I was numb all over."

It was in London that she had to face the first penalty of such riches—a Press conference of 100, with newsreel and television cameras, in a luxury 15-guinea-a-day suite in Park Lane's Grosvenor House Hotel.

"There's nothing I want, really," she told us all. "I'm having no servants and no extra education for the kids. All I want is a little home and to be myself."

And there was a touching moment when she added: "All of this I would give to have my husband back again."

Her two daughters and her parents, all bewildered by the sudden fortune, came with her to London. When they drove to the hotel in a Rolls-Royce Mrs. McGrail was wearing a 15-shilling dress.

It was the most she had ever paid for a dress.

She had to be coaxed into buying a new one to wear to a West End show.

"I don't see why I should," she said, "but as it is a special occasion perhaps I had better."

Then there was the hair-do.

She didn't flinch at the cost of that, although before this she has had only home perms and has never spent more than a pound a year on her hair.

"Teazie Weazie" Raymond (who does Diana Dors' hair and never moves without his silver scissors) did the London hair-do. It cost £15 sterling.

Mrs. McGrail didn't even look at the bill. She was delighted.

Nevertheless, money isn't changing Nellie McGrail from a plain working woman. She wants to work out her time at the mail-order office.

"There'll be no holidays on the Riviera or things like that," she told me. "My daughters will still go to the same school and they will still go out to work."

City financial experts soon started to analyse Nellie's win, and their figures showed how much goes in tax.

By investing her money safely in Britain, so one expert stated, Mrs. McGrail could receive an income of about £12,000 a year.

This would give her an income of about £230 a week, but tax would take two-thirds of this, leaving the golden widow only about £77 a week (£A96).

The average gambler, however, thinks only in terms of the lump sum.

A Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries, and Gaming, established that four out of five Britishers gamble. Three out of five "more than dabble."

Two in five gamble regularly. One in five gamble heavily.

Only a fortnight ago my charwoman won £300 in a football pool.

"I nearly lost it, dearie," she told me. "I felt so tired, but I said to me husband, 'I'll do me football pool in bed, Jones, or I'll never get 'em done at all. I've had a hard day.' "

Her win was celebrated all round her family, though she didn't take an hour off from her daily work.

However, it started a small craze in our district.

I can easily imagine what Mrs. Nellie McGrail's win has done to the citizens of her suburb in Manchester.

Our Dior Parades

● Christian Dior's most famous mannequins — seven of them — will get their first impression of an Australian Christmas when they open the Sydney showings of our Dior parades, which are presented in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

The Great Restaurant, specially redecorated, will be gay with Christmas trees and tinsel for the gala premiere of this brilliant collection, the last presented by Christian Dior, acknowledged before his tragic death as the world's fashion leader.

Preferential bookings at £5/5/- a ticket for the gala premiere and champagne dinner on December 7 are now available. Applications to David Jones Ltd. must be made by letter, endorsed on the envelope "Dior Parades."

The special Booking Bureau where bookings may be made for the parades to be given each evening at 8 from December 9-14 is open now. Tickets are £1/1/- each. The Bureau is on the Second Floor, David Jones' Elizabeth St. store.

A few seats at £1/1/- are still available for the 10 a.m. parade on the final showing day, December 14. Bookings may still be made at the Bureau.

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You give her the pleasure of "luxury sleeping" year in, year out . . . when you give her FINLAY'S SHEETS. So smooth, so cool and fresh . . . it feels *wonderful* to slide down between those Finlay's Sheets at bedtime . . . then to wake in the morning, refreshed and smiling. More wonderful still when you give her Finlay's Sheets in the sparkling decorator colours—with pillow cases to match!

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HISTORIC QUEENSLAND HOMESTEAD

SWIMMING-POOL built by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell at "Jimbour House." The pool fronts the garden and is circled by gum trees with a palm tree at left. It is used by children from Jimbour State School, neighbors, and Jimbour employees, for whom dressing-sheds are provided. Learn-to-swim campaigns are held at the pool for children in the district.

● "Jimbour House," Jimbour, 170 miles north-west of Brisbane, is one of Queensland's most beautiful old country homesteads.

THE residence of well-known grazier, company director, and former M.H.R. Mr. Charles Russell and his wife and their five children, "Jimbour House" dates from 1872.

A huge sandstone mansion, roofed with slates brought from Wales, it was built at a cost of £30,000 by Sir Joshua Peter Bell, famous pastoralist and parliamentarian.

Sir Joshua's parents bought the property in 1847 and it remained in the Bell family until 1912. Eleven years later it was purchased by the late W. A. Russell, father of Mr. Charles Russell, who has made it his home since his father's death in 1936.

The homestead is centrally heated and most rooms have telephones connecting with a domestic switchboard that links the house to every dwelling and out-building on the property. Many of the rooms in the homestead are air-conditioned.

There are six residences for married employees, including a 50ft.-high water-storage-tank tower that has been converted into a three-storied house for station carpenter Jim Williams, his wife, and their small son Jim.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell welcome neighbors, residents of the small township of Jimbour, and employees at the service held in the little church on the property once a month. There are also admission-free film screenings in the church every Saturday night.

SUN-DRENCHED LAWN outside the north-east wing of "Jimbour House" is a favorite spot for outdoor meals. Seated at the table is Mrs. Charles Russell.

PORTRAIT of Mrs. Russell by Graham Thorley hangs above the mantelshelf in the L-shaped drawing-room. Spacious and cool, the room's restful atmosphere is emphasised with green carpeting and Persian rugs toning with colorful linen coverings on antique cedar chairs. Floor-length pastel curtains shade the wide bow-windows.

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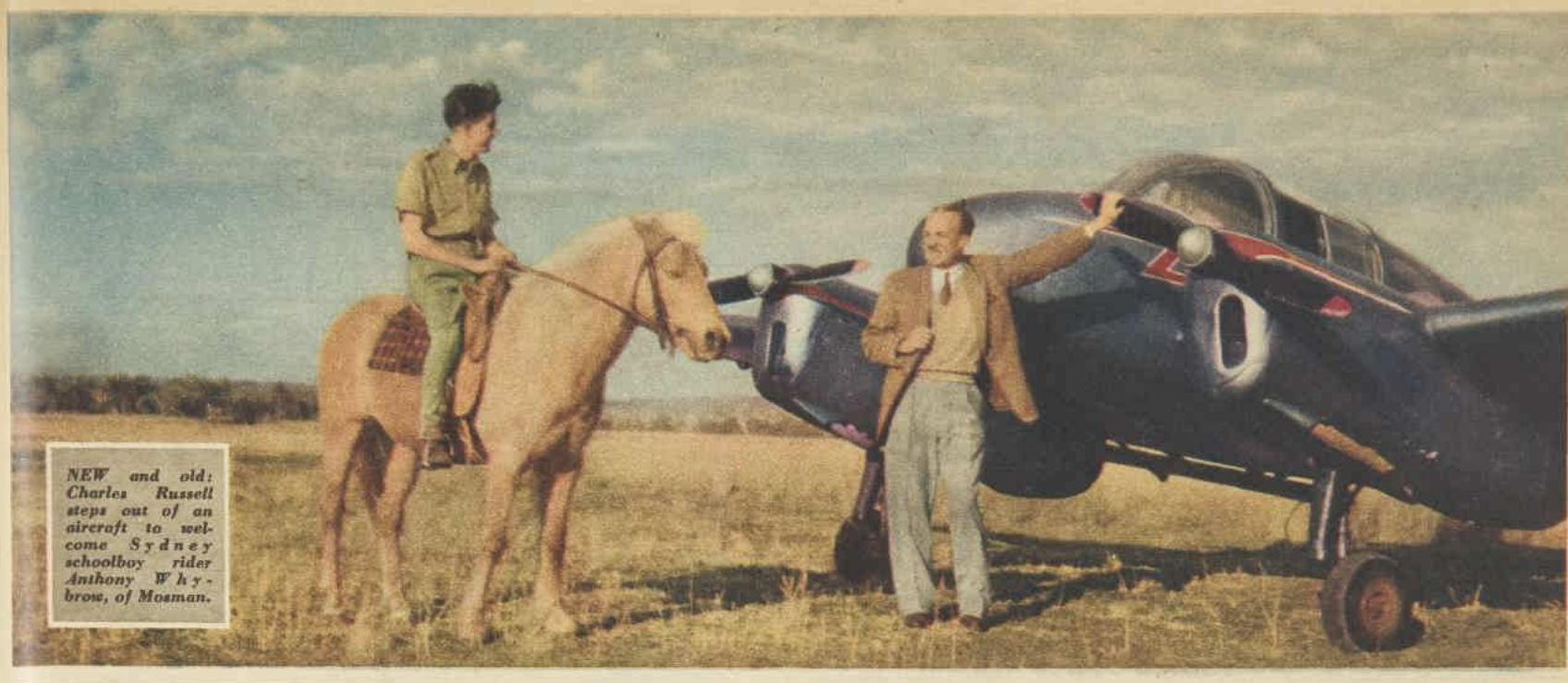
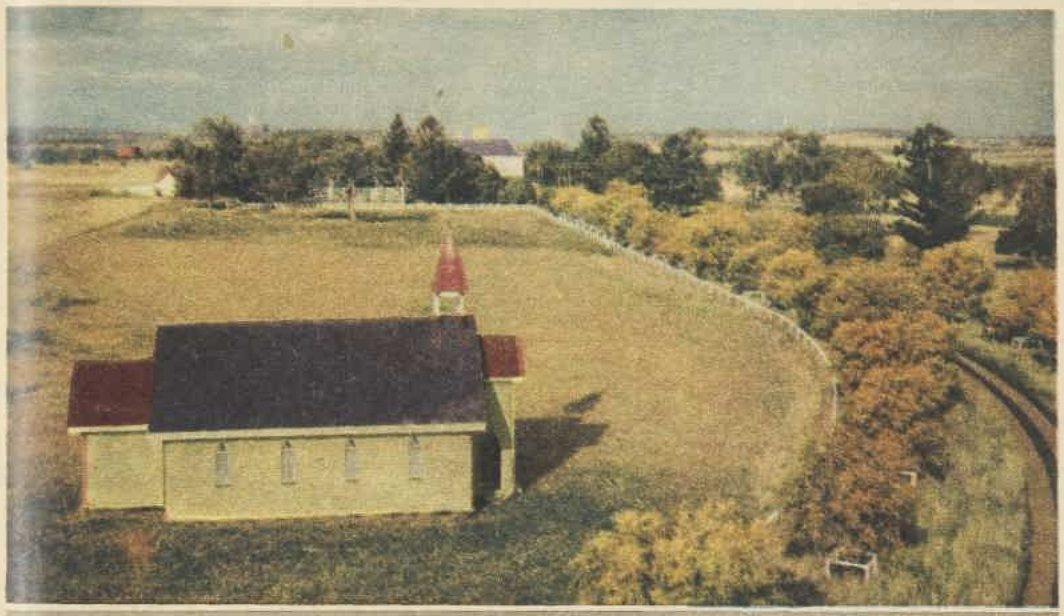


NEW and old: Charles Russell steps out of an aircraft to welcome Sydney schoolboy rider Anthony Whybrow, of Mosman.



ABOVE: Lovely old church built in the home paddock by Sir Joshua Peter Bell. The avenue of jacaranda trees lines the drive to the house.

RIGHT: Windsock flies above a 50ft.-high water-storage-tank tower, which has been converted into a home for carpenter Jim Williams and his family.

THE Russells relax in the billiard room, in which a cocktail bar has been built on a cedar base to match the room's old-style deep skirting-boards.

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are yours

beautiful hands?

Dozens of times a day your hands are in the spotlight. Do they tell what work you do? Or, do you protect them each day with Barrier Cream? Barrier Cream keeps your hands soft and beautiful by protecting them. You simply rub it in before you start work, then, afterwards, easily wash them clean with soap and water.

Protect them and keep them always beautiful with

"BARRIER" CREAM

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

Valuable for cases of industrial dermatitis.

It's another wonderful Faulding product

Pains go . . .

Why this "liquid" pain-reliever is safer, yet fast-acting

WHY IT ACTS SO FAST

When you drop Disprin into water, the tablets foam and dissolve quickly—to form a liquid. This liquid pain-reliever has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. That is why it acts so fast.

WHY IT IS SAFER

Speed of action is the first major advantage of Disprin. The second is that the pain-relieving agent in Disprin has been made effectively non-acid. There are no irritating acid particles in the liquid solution of Disprin. This is the reason why Disprin is safer.

Take Disprin for headaches, colds, feverishness and rheumatic pain.

Period pains. *Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.*

Ask your Chemist for Disprin

DISPRIN Regd.

***dissolves* pain quickly and safely**

DISPRIN

92/56

"Herbert believes in a sound mind in a sound body."

"I just love having television! We all have dinner in the dark now, and nobody knows WHAT they're eating!"

It seems to me

THE papers are still crammed with speculation on space travel.

Distinguished authorities on physics disagree on various points.

Mostly I believe whatever I read until it is denied, which it usually is.

The bits I notice with greatest interest are those about taking a space trip that seems to occupy only a year in space but 100 years of earth time.

There appears to be some disagreement about this, and, as the Theory of Relativity is mixed up in it, I wouldn't dream of taking sides.

But the other day a Sydney University lecturer in physics, describing some of the talk as exaggerated, was quoted as follows: "If a man went into space at 20 and cruised round for 50 years (earth time), his twin brother would be 70 when he returned. He himself would be only 60. The social implications of this are only very minor."

Minor, indeed!

What if it were the man's twin sister? What if it were his wife?

Whether a wife should or would wait 50 years for any space traveller is another matter. Perhaps the Federal Government will consider the point before the Joske Divorce Bill goes through.

★ ★ ★

A PIECE of domestic dialogue, overheard the other day, deserves preservation in print. (It climaxed a sharp argument.)

Husband: Oh, don't be so silly. Really, you are incredibly silly.

Wife (heatedly): Indeed, I am not silly. I am simply pigheaded.

★ ★ ★

IF you say anything loudly enough and often enough you can be quite sure nobody will pay any attention.

That thought is provoked by the efforts of Sydney police, using a car equipped with loudspeaker, to train pedestrians to cross the street correctly.

The voice is pleasant, the advice reasonable. The voice's owner cannot be blamed for the fact that amplifiers turn any kind of good advice into nagging.

"Please cross at the marked crossings. Do not walk off the footpath. There is a marked crossing a few yards along the street."

Sometimes he attempts jocularity: "Do not gallop into the street without looking. The street is not a racecourse."

The pedestrians keep on wandering, entirely unconscious of his words. Very often they step off the footpath right past the bonnet of the police car.

Obviously, 75 per cent. of lunch-hour shoppers are so intent on their purposes, so inured to noise, that they don't hear a word.

I am waiting for the day when the owner of this voice suddenly throws open the car door, takes screaming hysterics, and runs amok with a revolver.

IMPENDING visit of the Queen Mother has provoked the usual spate of criticism about the programme.

The programme is supposed to be "informal," though, on paper, with its scheduled visits to housing projects, factories, and unveilings of plaques, it doesn't look like the average woman's idea of a junket.

As usual, however, most of the critics suggest no practicable alternative. Some talk about letting the Royal visitor meet "the ordinary man and woman." One man said it was hoped she would not be "surrounded by stiff-shirted officials."

I am rather sorry for officials on these occasions. They are always accused of being stiff-shirted, though their detractors would be the first to point a scornful finger at open-necked Hawaiian shirts.

Alderman Ernie O'Dea made one of the few constructive suggestions in Sydney when he urged that the garden party guest list be drawn "from a hat," using electoral rolls as a basis.

This should appeal to a nation of lottery lovers, although there would inevitably be complaints that the drawing was rigged.

Either way, it could hardly make any difference to the Queen Mother's enjoyment of the garden party.

When you have 3000 guests all jammed together trying to get into afternoon-tea marquees, ordinary people are indistinguishable from extraordinary people.

★ ★ ★

ASTRONOMERS at the Commonwealth Observatory, Mt. Stromlo, Canberra, saw a bright pink object in the sky last week, but could not identify it.

I liked the sky the way it was. To look at it was nice.
I used to stargaze now and then, though always unprecise
On where to see the Southern Cross or which, indeed, was what.
If anyone remarked, "There's Mars," I never said, "It's not."

I liked the moon the way it was, adornment for the night,
A crescent riding high above, or full and round and bright.
I liked it pleasantly remote and do not wish to think
Of spacemen splashing it with red (or even true-blue) ink.

But now like gems, some real, some fake, the stars become confused,
Their mystery before sufficed. Now mortal man's bemused.
With Sputniks rushing round in rings, who knows what he may see?
I liked the sky the way it was. I wish they'd let it be.

Check perspiration — use

SNO-MIST

POWDER-SPRAY

DEODORANT

Don't trust scissors!

CUTTING cuticle with scissors not only makes cuticle grow back faster, but it can be quite harmful.

The safest, quickest way to remove old cuticle is with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover, a beneficial liquid specially made for this purpose.

Just apply to sides and base of the nail with the orangewood stick and cotton that come with the bottle. Then simply wipe away old cuticle.

Instantly, nails are trim and neat, smoothly outlined, beautifully groomed.

Discover Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover today.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

HOME TREATMENT

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "Vanix." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "Vanix" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

VANIX

"VANIX" is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 371 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boans Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 9/- including postage, from above or direct from the Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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RUFOUS FANTAIL hides its nest among leaves in rain forests. This bird and the Grey Fantail often hang a little "tail" from the nest, believed to serve to drain away water that runs down the branch.

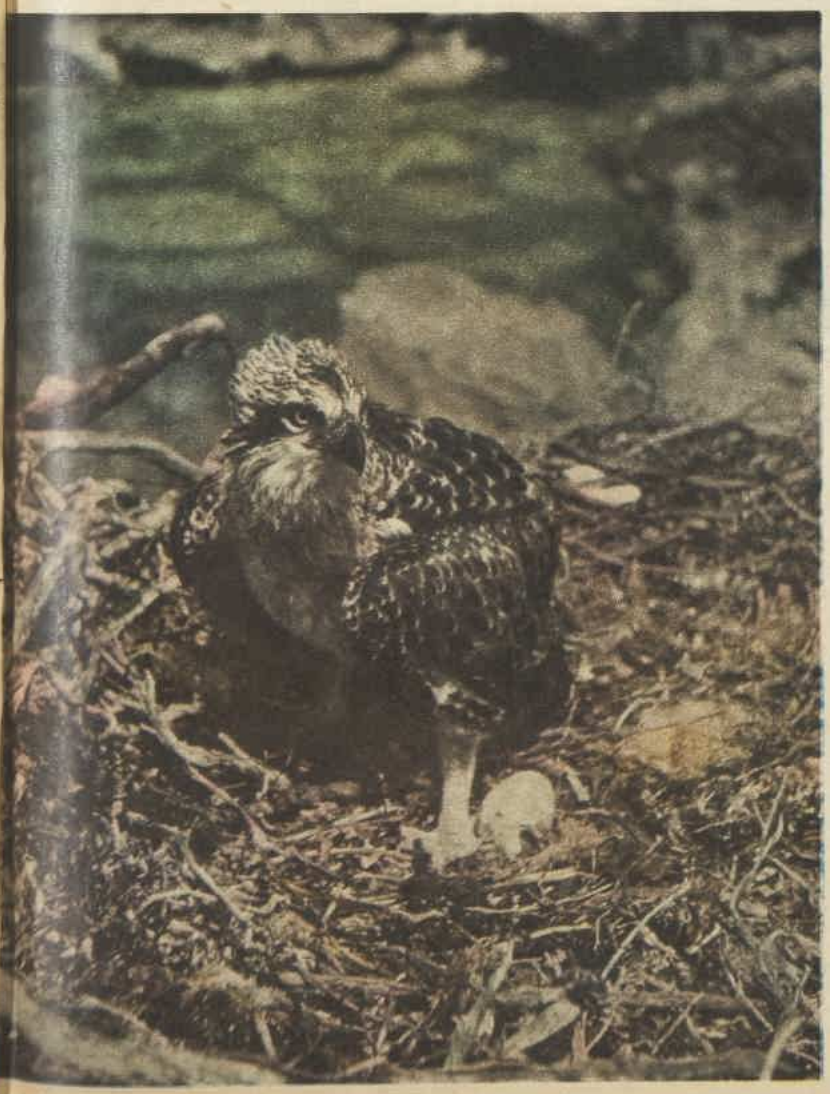
These are Australian:

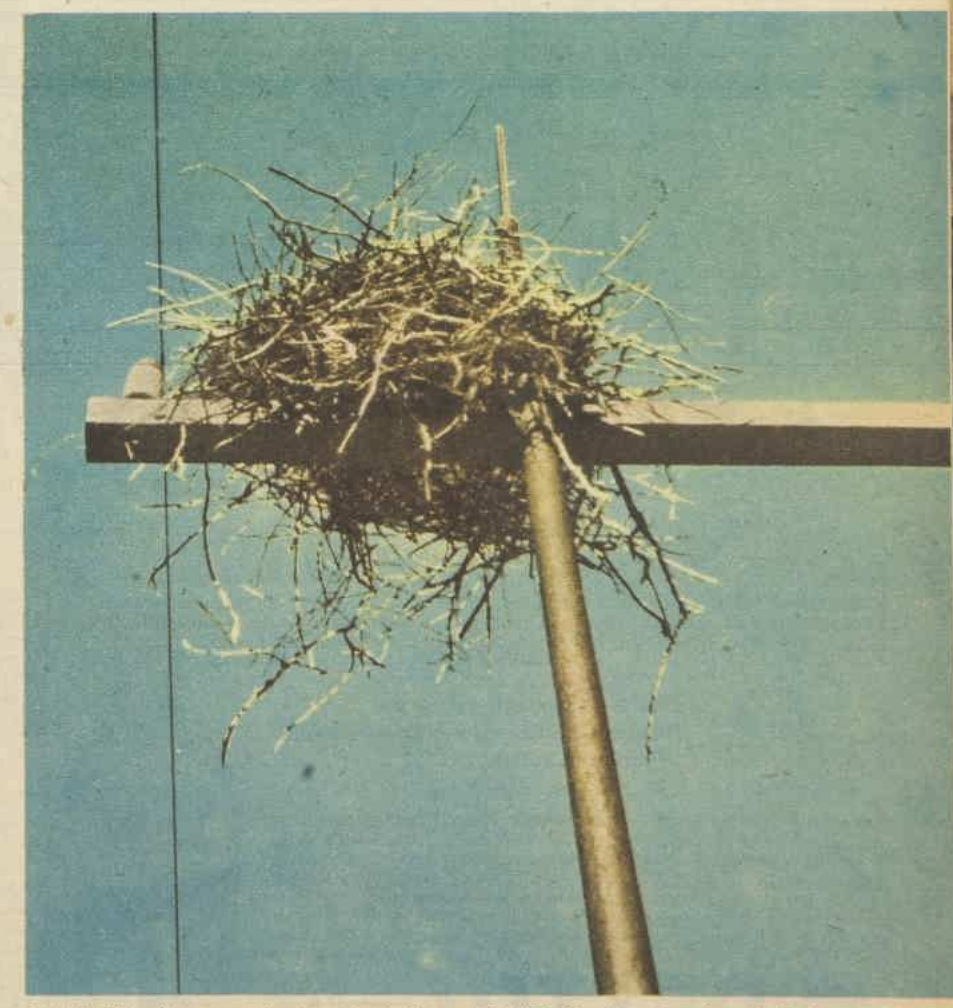
Varied nests

● The nests of small birds are exquisite creations, delicately woven and decorated, often cleverly camouflaged. Big birds, aggressive and powerful, seldom bother to hide their homes. Their enemies are not aggressive birds, but man, and they often build their nests out of his reach.

Two top pictures by Mr. Norman Chaffer, Sydney. Osprey's nest by Dr. G. Dunnet, Canberra, and magpie's nest by Mr. King Watson, Sydney.

BROWN WARBLER also lives in rain forests, builds a covered nest suspended from a well-hidden branch. Entrance is protected by hood. This bird uses fragments of lichen as decoration.





LEFT: The Osprey, a giant hawk of the sea, chooses a remote rocky islet for a nest. The surrounding ocean serves as protection.

ABOVE: Magpie, when it can't find a suitable tree, will build on a telegraph pole. This picture was taken in north of Western Australia.

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IT'S A BOY!

During those anxious hours of childbirth, and in the days that follow, doctors and nurses are never off guard against the risks of septic infection. Today, in Australia's leading maternity hospitals, doctors and nurses use Dettol — the **approved** antiseptic. In your own home, Dettol is the safe, **effective** way to guard against the risk of septic infection.

It can happen anytime — especially in the kitchen! Remember: "It's only a cut" can be very dangerous thinking. Never fail to reach for Dettol. Use Dettol on all cuts to kill germs and help heal the wound — quickly.

Hilda Scurr — popular radio actress — says: "Dettol is a good friend of mine . . . my daily gargle with Dettol helps to protect my throat from infection." Dettol in water brings cool comfort, protects your throat from infection.

Bathtime should be protection time. Soap and water is not always enough — especially with school children. A little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

'DETTOL'

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Big surprise of Channel 9, TCN's new women's session, "Tuesday at 1," is that Joe McCormack is the compere — the first man on TV in charge of a women's session.

JOE is not at all abashed by any of the many facets of the show — but he draws the line at the cooking jobs.

When it starts he'll have an expert at his side demonstrating in the cool, competent way of the home economist.

"Tuesday at 1" is full of surprises, and should be as popular as its predecessor, "Thursday at 1."

One of the surprises to come is a competition that looks as if it will develop into a husband-and-wife forum. Wives will be invited to write in about their husbands' untidiness, helpfulness, or whatever subject is decided upon. Husbands will be asked to reply.

It is all in the working-out stage so far, but it certainly sounds like very lively TV.

★ ★ ★

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S tenth wedding anniversary —it's her tin one—is on Wednesday, November 20. ABC-TV celebrates by showing a special film, "Ten Royal Years," at 8 p.m. on her anniversary. The film will be shown on TV simultaneously in all Commonwealth countries.

It will show the celebration of the Royal couple's engagement, the wedding, the Coronation, some lovely shots of Prince Charles and Princess Anne when they were babies, and scenes from all the Royal couple's tours.

For good measure, there are some childhood studies of the Queen and Prince Philip. It's an official film, and is said to be very good.

The A.B.C. has already made preliminary plans for the visit of the Queen Mother in February. Viewers will see the tour from go to whoa. There'll be a great number of live telecasts, and the Queen Mother, who, happily, is most co-operative about cameras, will be followed by them from the moment she leaves Sydney so that televiewers will enjoy the whole tour with her.

THE search for a boy to play "Amahl" in "Amahl and the Night Visitors," A.B.C.-TV's Christmas opera, ended successfully recently when a young Adelaide schoolboy, Anthony Monopoli (above, with his proud mother), was chosen for the role.

Gian-Carlo Menotti, the modern American composer (his works include "The Consul," "The Telephone," "Vanessa"), wrote "Amahl" after he saw medieval artist Bosch's magnificent painting "Adoration of the Kings" in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Amahl and the Night Visitors" is the story of a family who befriend the Three Wise Men on their way to Bethlehem to visit the Christ Child. Amahl, the son of the house, is crippled, but forgets his affliction in the inspiration of Christ's birth.

Menotti stipulates that the part of "Amahl" be sung by a boy. The boy must be a good actor as well as a singer.

A.B.C. officials feel that Anthony is a real find, for the good actor-singer combination is a difficult one. Anthony will be 13 in December. He was born in Australia, but, like Menotti, has Italian parents. A pupil of Christian Brothers' College, Adelaide, Anthony devotes most of his life to singing.

His contract with the A.B.C. stipulates that his mother will accompany him to Melbourne to look after him during the rehearsals and production of the opera.

It will be presented by members of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's Australian Opera Company and the Victorian Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Joseph Post. It will be telecast live in Melbourne, telerecorded, and shown on Channel 2, ABN on Christmas night at 8 o'clock.

THIS week sees the demise of many of Channel 7, ATN's famous "D" shows. Their debut was preceded by extensive and expensive advertising; their end has been quiet and accompanied by ghastly post-mortems round the conference table.

Shows no longer to be seen are Jack Davey's Monday and Wednesday 8 p.m. shows, Dearth's Pantomime Quiz, Dear's "Leave It to the Girls," Dease's Quiz Kids.

You'll hear them all back where they came from, on radio.

I don't know what goes on at the conference post-mortems I've heard varying reports of, but I should think they end with everyone kept in to write one-hundred-line detentions of "Good radio shows are not good TV."

Davey, who is the biggest loser in this "D" fiasco, is taking the whole thing philosophically. He's certainly learned his lesson the hard way.

I think Davey was the only one of the "D" comperes who showed any improvement in the eight months they were on ATN. He lost his snap-frozen look and occasionally, when he forgot the cameras, you'd catch a glimpse of the personality that made him famous.

He is left with only his Friday night show, but I hear he is working madly on a new show designed solely for TV.

Viewers score out of all this with new faces, new shows. Scheduled so far in the 8 p.m. Monday spot is the Steve Allen Show. It lasts an hour and is a top American production. I'm told it's variety, with personalities and Skitch Henderson and his orchestra.

The Perry Como Show starts on Thursday, November 28, at 7.30 p.m. It is another 60-minute job, with Perry himself singing, of course, guest artists, and Mitchell Ayres and his orchestra. It dislodges "My Little Margie" (hurrah, hurrah!) and Pantomime Quiz.

I'm sorry to see Pantomime Quiz go, although I'm sick of it. I hear it may be reintroduced later after a long viewing holiday from it.

★ ★ ★

"CHOREOGRAPHY" is defined in the Oxford Dictionary as the design of a ballet, but it's a word that the TV industry has seized on, absorbed, and is rapidly giving a new meaning.

It is common now to hear this word applied to singers. "He's a good singer, but his choreography is rotten," someone said to me, talking about a pop singer.

I've been watching this new "choreography." It's fascinating. My two favorites are the singers who shuffle the invisible pack of cards and the quieter ones who sing holding a long, green, invisible watermelon in front of them. Frankie Laine is the most exhausting singer to watch. He cuts off pounds and pounds of invisible short loin chops as he sings his way through his show.

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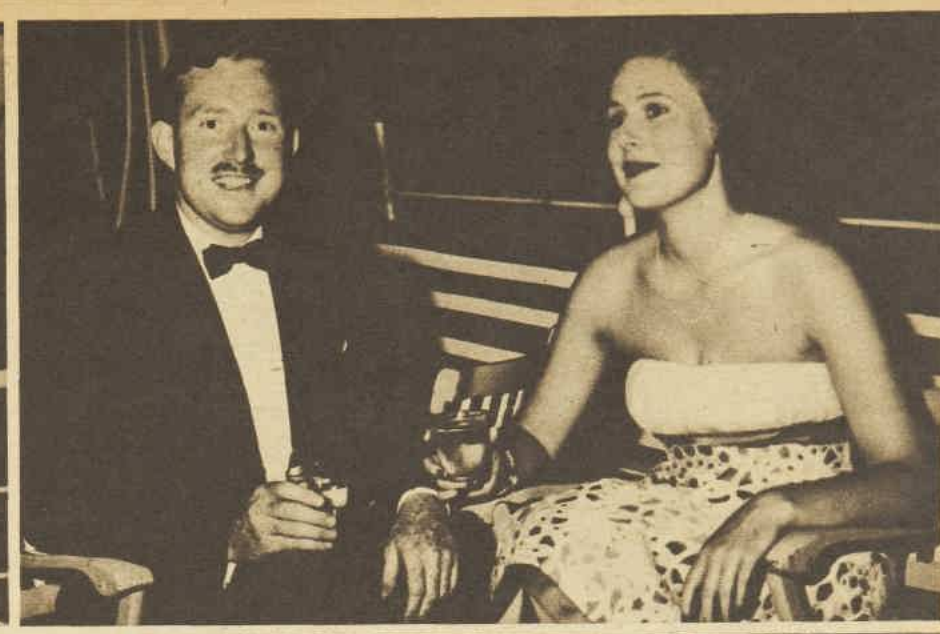

SITTING OUT between dances at the Bachelors' Ball committee Christmas dance are Andrew Grimwade and Jane de Gruchy. Three hundred young guests attended this dance held on board the Italian liner Sydney.

ON BOARD Sydney are (at left), Fran Purcell and John Pegler, who attended the Bachelors' Christmas dance in aid of Legacy. Fran chose a pretty short-skirted dress of sugar-pink latticed taffeta with a wide swathed neckline.

ART SHOW. Mrs. Strath Playfair (left) and Lady Lloyd Jones inspect one of Francis Lymburner's paintings which are on show at David Jones' Art Gallery. Mrs. Playfair arrived in Sydney last week after three months' holiday overseas with her husband — returning via the United States.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

DINNER DANCE. Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Cox admire some of the Mexican-style decorations which transformed the A.C.I. ballroom for the dinner dance in aid of the N.S.W. Cancer Patients Assistance Fund.

FAIR-HAIRED Prue Pratten and her brother Tony will be farewelled by a crowd of young people when they leave by plane for England on November 27, travelling through the U.S.A.

A flat in Knightsbridge is awaiting them on arrival in London. This is Prue's second trip overseas within a year—with her parents, the Eric Prattens, she spent eight months in England and Europe, returning home last November.

Prue won't have much time to be lonely, as so many of her friends from schooldays at Frensham are at present in London, including Dimity Davis, Ann Giblin, and Joan and Rosemary Ashton.

• • •

COUNTRY lass Frances Simson and her English fiance, Peter Brown, plan to be married early in the New Year (January 7) at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. Frances is the elder daughter of the Colin Simsons, of "Howes Hill," Spring Ridge, and she met Peter in London last year while spending eighteen months' holiday overseas. After their wedding they will move into a flat in Elizabeth Bay.

• • •

I NOTICED lots of broad-brimmed hats in town last week when old boys from Shore came down for Peter Sedgwick's wedding to Anne Hays in the school chapel. Peter is the son of the John Sedgwicks, of "Gocup," Tumut, and his bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. T. Hays, of "Llangollan," Narrabri.

MELBOURNE WEDDING. Michael Hall Best and his attractive bride leave St. John's Church, Toorak. Michael is the son of Sir John and Lady Hall Best, of Woollahra, and the bride was formerly Barbara Fitchett, second daughter of Mrs. J. C. Fitchett, of Toorak, Melbourne.

BALLERINA Kathleen Gorham buying Christmas gifts from V.A. Mrs. David Morrison at the Red Cross Christmas fair, which was held recently at the Trocadero.

TENNIS fans had a great week when the New South Wales championships were fought out at the White City courts . . . I noticed Sir Frank and Lady Coles slip in late one afternoon to watch the men's doubles . . . Pam Cobcroft and Mrs. Sylvia Quist both choosing seats high in the Marsh Stand, where they could bask in the sunshine . . . titian-haired Jane Burns looked cool and crisp in a turquoise-and-white-striped cotton shirtmaker . . . and on the centre court Mrs. Mary Hawton carrying off the fashion honors in a princess-style tennis dress of white pique, banded and buttoned in sky-blue.

HOME again . . . Mrs. Bill Eleveld after eight months overseas, one of the highlights being a visit to her husband's parents in Holland . . . Lyndal Crane, who has returned home to Pymble after two years travelling round the world.

• • •

DATES for your diary . . . Saturday, November 23, for the Haywire Committee's fancy-dress dance, "Haywire in Paris," to be held at the A.C.I. ballroom . . . December 4, for the Tresillian "Bootees and Bonnets" ball at the Windsor Gardens.

BABY talk . . . proud parents Patricia and Allan Houston, of "Kelvington," Mungindi, have christened their first child David Allan . . . Sarah is the name chosen by the John Pavitts, of "Gillen Gillen," Harden, for their pretty deb-of-the-future . . . Herbert Oppenheimer and his wife (formerly Gillian Nivison) have a second daughter, Melanie, born recently at King George V. Mrs. Oppenheimer and baby will return home to "Petali," Walcha, in a few weeks' time.

Anne

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Glamorous

all new Toni

HOME PERM

GIVES YOU ALL YOU COULD EVER WANT IN A WAVE !

NO OTHER HOME PERM IS SO EASY TO USE, LASTS SO LONG, AND LOOKS SO BEWITCHINGLY NATURAL

Toni — good to give and get

ODOUR FREE

The luxury of All New Toni!

Costly ingredients—never used before in a home perm—give you 'Fresh Air' Waving Lotion . . . the mildest, most effective ever created. No harsh ammonia odour and no stinging fumes.

FRIZZ FREE

The certainty of All New Toni!

No frizz, no dry split ends because the new-type End Papers wrap every curl protectively in lanolin tissue from start to finish. Wonderful to think your're *sure* of the results with your New Toni!

TROUBLE FREE

The ease of All New Toni!

New no-dab Neutralizer is just as easy as rinsing. Pour it straight through the hair to lock in the silky-soft wave.

REGULAR • SUPER • GENTLE 13/- **TIP TONI . . . NEW END CURL PERM 9/-**

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Worth Reporting

"HAPPILY married people make the best parents, the best workers, and the best citizens" according to Dr. David R. Mace, one of the foremost world authorities on marriage guidance.

He says this in the foreword of a small book, entitled "Love That Lasts," which explains just what makes a happy marriage and was recently published by the Marriage Guidance Council of Victoria.

It is an understanding book, which goes into the need every human has to love and be loved; into the importance of choosing the right mate for a lifetime; courtship and sex; and good advice and where to obtain it.

And in all respects the simply written book knows what it's talking about.

"Just as girls don't crave cave-men, men do not want dolls," it states.

"To look attractive and never to contradict may be one way of 'catching' a boy, but the trouble is that someone so caught is bound to discover sooner or later (and rather sooner than later) that he is the victim of a feminine confidence trick."

The book costs only 3/3 posted, and may be obtained from the Marriage Guidance Council, K.5 High Street, Prahran, Vic.

★ ★ ★

ONE man's garbage is another man's problem.

Mr. Charlie Dobson, 76, of Ontario, Canada, lives beside a highway. And, judging by his method of garbage disposal, he is evidently a keen student of human nature's less attractive side.

He just bundles petty leftovers into a box, ties it neatly, and puts it beside the road.

"I've seen many a car stop, pick up the box, and drive off," says the artful Mr. D. "And I haven't had a box returned yet."

"Is this the place with the flooded bathroom?"

Have you a memory like a lion?

CALLING all Australian airmen who remember the Lions Service Club in London as a home away from home during the war.

The lively, attractive founder and organiser of the club, Mrs. Lancelot Spicer, known to the airmen as Mrs. Dorothy Beverley, is on a brief visit to Australia.

The Lions Service Club was opened in 1941 by the S.O.S. committee, and Mrs. Spicer was commissioned to run it.

Travelling with her husband, the chairman of a British firm of paper merchants, she is eager to meet some of the Australian servicemen she knew in England.

"Often I used to write to their parents or wives to tell them how the boys were getting on, and they told me so much about Australia I almost feel I've been here before," she told us.

Mrs. Spicer remembers her impression of the first Australian who entered the club.

"He was a young airman," she said, "who came at a time when we had just discovered some petty pilfering.

"He walked straight up to me and handed me a wallet containing £30, which he had found on the stairs.

"I thought, 'Well, if they are all as honest as this in Australia it must be a great place!'"

Ah, sweet memories of the stage

WE kept a nostalgic appointment when we went along to an exhibition, "Fifty Years of Theatre in Sydney."

The exhibition was held in the Sydney Drama Society's clubrooms, where walls and all available pieces of furniture were covered with theatre programmes and photographs of old-time stage stars.

Highlight of the exhibition for an autograph-hunter was a suppercloth lent by Countess de Vilme Hautemont.

The Countess, formerly Vinia de Loitte, of musical-comedy fame, opened the exhibition.

Her cloth was embroidered, in pastel colors, with the signatures of yesteryear's stage favorites, including John D. O'Hara, Maggie Moore, and Alfred Bristowe

★ ★ ★

EMINENT American psychotherapist Dr Herman Schwartz has a suggestion for victims of insomnia:

"If counting sheep doesn't help you go to sleep, take a good look at the sheep.

"Watch their facial expressions, and give each a name.

"If this doesn't work, get up and take a walk. Don't make a gaol of your bed. You don't have to stay in it."

Lost: umbrellas, gloves, a husband

AT the opening of a new self-service store in Melbourne's Little Collins Street, we were trapped in the melee of shoppers.

The store's loudspeaker system was booming out "lost" notices, for in the opening-day confusion women had mislaid gloves, umbrellas, shopping-bags . . .

Suddenly our attention was caught by a plaintive request for the return of a lost husband.

He was discovered cowering among a crowd of bargain-hunters, and was returned safely to his wife.

SWEET and SOUR

● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

WHEN Dame Margot Fonteyn was in Australia my daughter and I were admiring photographs of her petite, exquisite figure. My husband was standing looking over our shoulders. He did not say anything at the time, but later on he put his arms around me, gave me a loving pat, and said:

"Your figure will do me."

I had to wait until I was 51 for my nicest compliment!

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. D. Hempel, C/o Post Office, Young St., Frankston, Vic.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

JUST recently I changed my hairstyle and emerged from the hairdresser feeling really smart. On my arrival back at the office I was greeted by the little junior, who remarked enthusiastically:

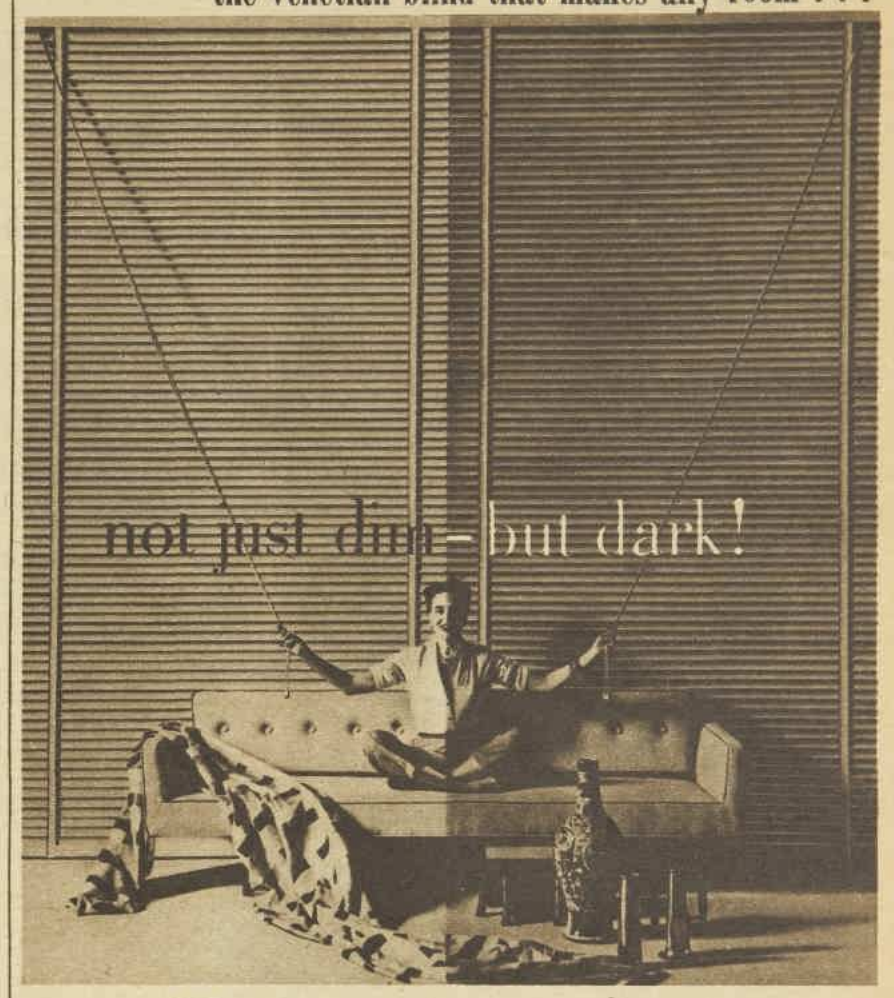
"What a lovely hairstyle. You look just like a shaggy dog."

£2/2/- awarded to P. Coverdale, C/o Nesco House, King St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Luxaflex TWI-NIGHTER

the venetian blind that makes any room . . .



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Fabulous Fashions from our DIOR parades.

● *Here and on succeeding pages is a preview of the last collection of clothes presented by Christian Dior before he died. The collection will be paraded in Sydney and Melbourne by the designer's seven top mannequins. Each gown is a triumph of Dior's perfection of workmanship, a perfection that from 1947 to his death last month established him as the world's most famous designer. The collection is one of beauty, and of extremes. The bosom is both exaggerated and ignored; the waist both fitted and bypassed. The changing moods of fashion are seen, too, in the discreet chic of the day clothes, and in the extravagant evening dressing. At right is Dior's superb rendering of the coat-dress evening ensemble, worn by France, whom Dior described as his greatest mannequin.*

● The Dior parades have been organised by The Australian Women's Weekly in association with the Myer Emporium Ltd., Melbourne, and David Jones Ltd., Sydney. They open in Melbourne with a gala premiere on November 23 in the Myer Mural Hall. A gala opening in Sydney on December 7 will be at David Jones Ltd. Great Restaurant, Elizabeth Street store.

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116 E

Dior Parades

PARIS at NIGHT

● ***The dresses on these two pages illustrate Christian Dior's masterly gift for completely feminine and often romantic evening fashions. Colors are sometimes delicate, sometimes vivid. Rouge Dior, a lively glowing red, is already famous in Paris. Fabrics after dark are marvellous, and the forgotten glamor of gauzy fabrics and glitter, handled with elegance, gives a new sense of opulence to Paris night-life.***

"DU BARRY" is the romantic name for a romantic evening dress with its loops and bows and up-in-front, down-at-the-back hemline.

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Dior evening line is revealing rather than concealing

"SCHUBERT" (above), a feminine ball-gown made in palest water-green tulle, is worn by Lia. The bodice is swathed in green velvet trimmed with three superb green roses and worn with a drifting tulle stole.

•

"LYS ROUGE" (left) is worn by France. The dress is made in rich 17th-century brocade in Dior's favorite red — rouge Dior. The line of the dress is romantic with its panniers caught at back to form a train.

•

"POMPADOUR" (right), a delicious tulle ball-gown, worn by Simone. Gleaming mother-of-pearl is fashioned into tiny sprays of flowers scattered over layers of tulle. A mink-colored tulle stole matches the top layer in the dress.

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all over, all day
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as no ordinary soap can . . .

New miracle
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to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

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Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. *G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.*

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . . *and SAVE MONEY!*

REGULAR SIZE 1/- BATH SIZE 1/5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

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Dior Parades

CHIC by DAY

"AUSTRALIE," a suit in beige wool, worn by Odile. The easy-fit jacket bypasses the waistline and tapers towards the hips. The straight skirt tapers to the hemline. Under the jacket is a beige top. Note the loosening of the jacket and the wider shoulder-line.

CHIC young suit (above) made in rough-surface tweed. The color is rouge Dior, the short jacket touches but does not hug the waistline, and the skirt is straight. The mink-colored turban is matched to the gloves.

DIOR had an enormous success with "Riviera" (left). The dress and hat, worn by France, are made in beige wool with a boucle surface. The bodice has a large rounded collar and long sleeves. The wide skirt is pleated into the waist.

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GLITTER after SIX

● *Three chic examples of daytime fashions (on opposite page) show simplicity with a new sophistication. Silhouette news includes the bypassed waistline, bloused fullness, and the jacket with a wider, looser shoulder-line. Skirts are often short enough to make a shapely leg a fashion asset. Later-in-the-day news (illustrated below) is the short evening dress with its own coat — to wear from 6 p.m. onwards.*

LUCKY wears one of the successes of Dior's autumn Paris collection — a coat-and-dress ensemble designed for late-day and on-into-evening wear. The ensemble is in rouge Dior. The gay short-skirted dress is tulle, the coat velvet, the shoes satin. The dress, smothered with matching sequins, has an excessively low V-shaped decolletage and a bouffant skirt.

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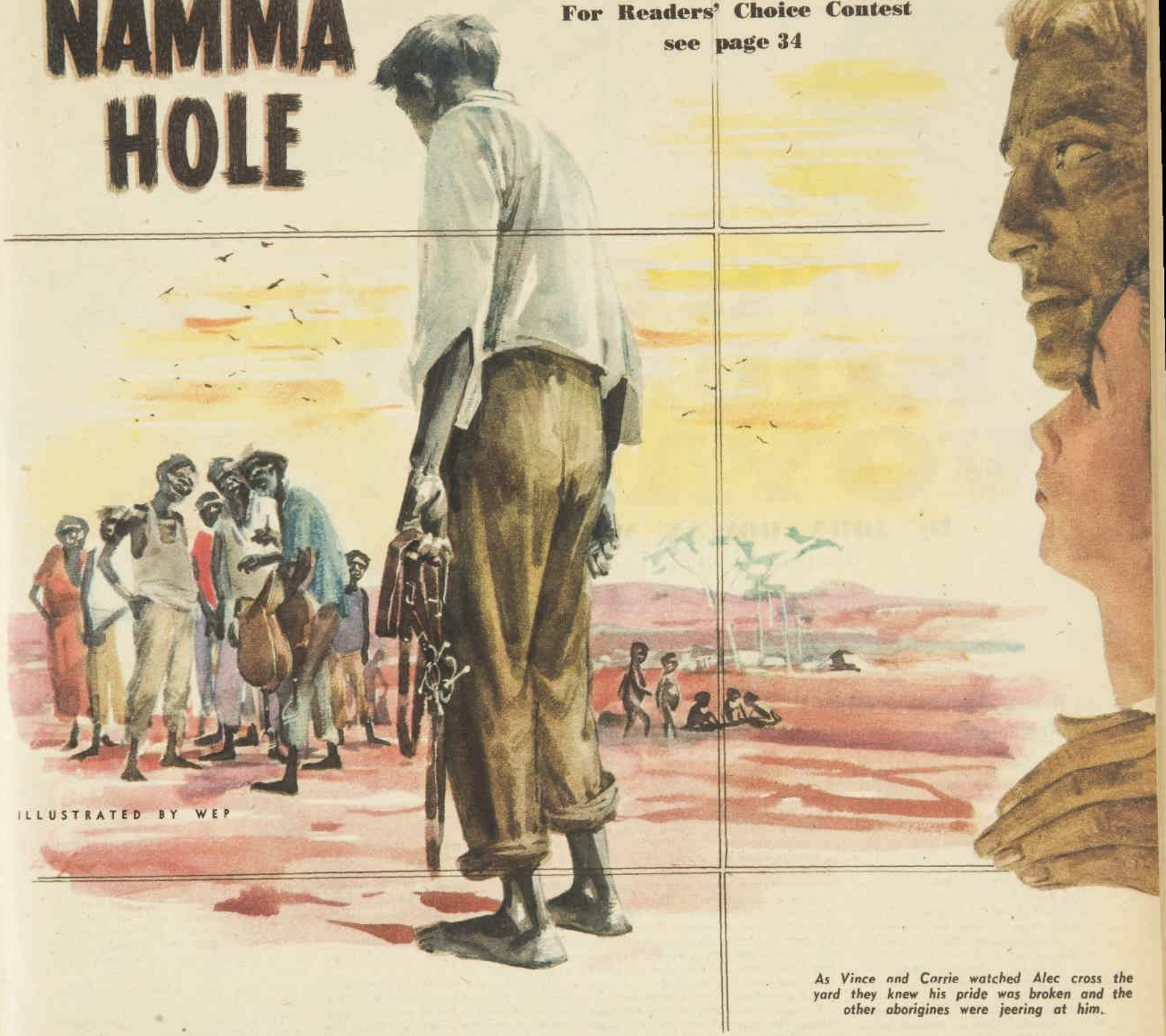
This week's prize-winning story

By NOEL TENNANT

For Readers' Choice Contest see page 34

NAMMA HOLE



ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

As Vince and Carrie watched Alec cross the yard they knew his pride was broken and the other aborigines were jeering at him.

CARRIE looked up from the tub of dusty suds and waited. She could hear a protesting car engine in the distance. It heralded a visitor on the way to their isolated cattle station.

Somehow she already knew who was driving the rattletrap of a car to Namma Hole. She had felt they hadn't seen the last of Sam Gatty. Now the car was emerging from the haze, passing a meagre fringe of gum trees, and she was sure.

She called to her husband through the open window, but Vince had already heard the car and was on his way out. He stopped beside her and swore to himself.

"I told you he would turn up again some day," Carrie said quietly.

Vince didn't answer. He wasn't given to his wife's vague feelings, but the return of Sam Gatty had something of foreboding about it. He told himself there was no reason to feel that way. Nothing harmful need come of it.

All the same, he felt certain nothing good would either. And none of it had anything to do with their everyday work of running the station. That should be his only concern. It provided them with more than enough worry.

Under forty, they were still comparatively young to have such a place. Maybe that accounted for the present uneasiness. Vince looked across the yard. Across that space was the scattered dwellings where the native workers lived. Beyond it was the camp of the more primitive aborigines. Everything seemed quiet and the only sign of movement came from the usual group of children playing in the dirt.

The car door slammed and Gatty started across to them. A stocky, middle-aged man who had no qualms about returning. Vince took him inside while Carrie went to get some drinks.

When she came back to them Vince was saying he hadn't expected to see Gatty in their part of the country again. He couldn't let it go any longer.

The man seemed surprised. "Why not? I still reckon on finding some genuine talent out this way. Nearly had it the last time."

Nearly had it the last time. Carrie wondered if he knew Alec was also back on the station. She suddenly asked. Gatty wasn't concerned or even very interested. He asked Vince whether he had noticed any other boy at the settlement with boxing ability.

Vince shook his head. That other time was only the result of chance circumstances. Mainly that there happened to be a punching-ball on the place at all. A relic from the time he liked to think he was keeping trim himself.

For that matter the ball was still out on the verandah, but none of the aborigines had shown any interest in it. Not in the same way as Alec . . . Queer how the memory had stayed with him. That afternoon in the office when he heard punching coming from outside the window. Then seeing it was one of the young blokes from the settlement.

He was working at the ball, doing something which set him apart from the other dark men in this gibber-strewn place.

The others at the camp lived their own manner of life in tents or tin shacks that weren't so far removed from the wurleys of old. Lethargically taking work when it offered at the station. Ancient men in the ragged garments of civilisation, Vince supposed they wouldn't go down in the book as the fine type of native.

But this one had clean trousers and a shirt. And a natural ability to box. That was where Alec had differed from the rest of them. There was something else, too. To Vince it was simply the unusual sight of one of the aborigines enjoying himself.

Afterwards it became an understood thing for Alec to come and use the punching-ball. He would ask at the office and Vince would nod as though he hadn't expected him all afternoon. Then they forgot the cattle and the horses and the dust.

None of the other aborigines took up the challenge his performance offered. If they fought it was in a different way. But sometimes a group did stand off and watch in unfriendly silence.

Unfriendly because this boy thought he was better than they were. Because in the joy of his unrestricted action he

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THE ROUND VOYAGE

By JOHN ROWAN WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

At first he thought it would be a journey like any other on the Sydney-London run . . . a dramatic new serial of adventure on the high seas.

IF this had been another country it might have been policy to offer the man a drink. But David knew better. He had been on the Australia run now for—how long? He tried to work it out. It was a good thing to have something else to think about. They had a way of turning round sharply and looking at your face. What were they to look for?

A quiver of the lips, a glint of fear in the eyes, drops of sweat on the forehead . . . though perhaps this last was permissible, at ninety degrees in the shade. It would be more abnormal not to sweat. He took out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

How many years? Six last October, he calculated. Two as assistant purser on a small ship and four as deputy purser on his present ship, the s.s. Capricorn. And, in the natural course of events, there would be at least five more years before he received promotion to full purser, five more years of travelling to and fro, London to Sydney, Sydney to London, across the same over-familiar stretches of water, ticking off, one by one, the tedious, predictable days on the calendar of his life; looking through the porthole each morning at the same green, undulating backyard . . .

No, he decided, it was out of the question. Something had to be done to break the pattern, and done quickly. He was almost thirty now. Radical measures were necessary. He liked the phrase and repeated it to himself. It was his justification.

The Customs officer worked silently and with method, moving round the cabin in a clockwise direction and dealing with drawers in order from above downwards. He fingered every article of clothing, took each book from the shelf, flicked through the pages, scrutinised the binding, and put it back. David had never seen him before. He was not one of the usual men—they had been on board an hour ago, amiable and careless, chalking hieroglyphics everywhere after the most cursory inspection. It was a known method of disarming suspicion.

Usually when the second group of inspectors came aboard, frozen-faced and determined, they found what they wanted without much difficulty. These complicated manoeuvres always meant the same thing—information received. From whom? He tried to prevent his mind dwelling on this rather disturbing question. It happened every now and then, and one never found out who was responsible. It was probably nothing to do with himself.

It was a small cabin, and the heat was stifling, in spite of the forced-draught ventilation and an electric fan. As the search proceeded, David kept having to change his position to keep out of the way. With satisfaction he noticed that the Customs officer was tiring. After a difficult tussle with a full suitcase he gave a perceptible sigh.

David uncorked his ice-jug and poured out a glass of lime squash.

"Like a glass of squash?" he asked indifferently.

"Well —" The officer dragged the word out, like a child twanging a piece of elastic. He looked covetously at the glass. David pushed the drink across to him and poured another out for himself. The man drank.

"Cigarette?"

"Don't smoke."

"What about a chocolate?"

David held out an open box of chocolates which lay on his desk. The man looked at them and then at David as if suspecting poison. He had a thin, pessimistic face, like a bloodhound. Finally he took one.

"Thanks," he said reluctantly.

"You like chocolates?"

"Now and then."

"Then help yourself." David assumed an ingratiating air. "Take the box if you like."

The Customs officer looked up sharply, his beady eyes full of suspicion. The sense of his own incorruptibility was an obsession which distorted his view of the simplest actions. Generosity, in particular, was fraught with sinister implications. If he had not already swallowed the first chocolate he would have spat it out.

"No, thanks," he said roughly, "I got a job to do."

He finished the rest of the search with particular thoroughness in silence. Then he nodded curtly to David, and left. There was no pantomime with chalk marks this time. David began to tidy up some of the drawers that had been disarranged.

When it became obvious that the Customs officer was not going to return he quickly lifted the tray which held the top layer of chocolates. In place of the second layer was a flat package about three inches square. He put it in his pocket, rearranged the chocolates, and went out into the alleyway leading to the purser's office.

Just in front of the after deck-square was the doctor's surgery and hospital. David hesitated for a moment in front of the door of the hospital and then knocked. The door was opened by a small fair-haired girl in nurse's uniform.

"Good morning, Ann."

"Good morning." She smiled at him. "You're looking very pleased with yourself."

"Am I?"

It was true that the release from the tension had generated in him a feeling of relation, but he had not realised it was so obvious. He tried to compose his features into a more sedate expression.

"Any special reason?"

"No, nothing particular." She was really very pretty, in a petite and rather appealing way, he thought. The starched white uniform was far too severe for her. She looked like a little girl dressed up as a hospital sister. "The prospect of a day or two ashore must have gone to my head."

"Do you know when we're sailing again?"

"The day after tomorrow. As a matter of fact I was wondering——" He hesitated. For some reason, he was more awkward with her than he would have been with a stranger, "—if you'd care to have dinner with me at Castel's tomorrow night."

"Just the two of us?"

"Yes."

"I'd love to."

"Good. Then I'll book a table." His task accomplished, there seemed nothing more to say. "I'll be seeing you later, then. The purser will be wondering where I've got to."

When he went into the office, the purser looked at him reproachfully over his spectacles.

"There you are at last," he said. "I thought you were never coming."

"Sorry—I was delayed by the Customs."

The purser nodded solemnly, like a professor conducting a dubious candidate through an oral examination. It was apparent that he was not in the best of moods. At sea, Ross was a good purser to work under; he was easy-going and content to leave his subordinates to get on

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As the ship began to pull away from the wharf, Julia came up to David, standing by the rail. "So we're off," she said smilingly.

with their work without interference. But as soon as the gangways went down he underwent a change in personality. He was like a horse who smells the presence of the larger carnivora.

The nervous strain of dealing with port authorities, agents, and victualling contractors oppressed him and he became suspicious and demanding. Each new official walking up from the quay represented to him another threat to his peace of mind.

"How are things going?" asked David.

"Awful, as usual," said Ross, stroking one of his bushy eyebrows with a small, finicky hand. He spoke slowly and with emphasis, giving the impression that he chose his words very carefully. "We've been up to our eyes in it here, what with the Customs and the Immigration and the Port Health. I can't think what we keep a doctor for on this ship."

"Isn't Fellows about?"

"No. I should think he's still recovering from last night."

"Was it a good party?"

Ross shuddered. "It was more like a wake — with the corpse drinking level with the mourners."

"Who was there?"

"Just the four of us. The captain, the commander, the doctor, and myself. Everyone was as miserable as hell."

"I can understand the captain being miserable," said David. "Bull's been doing his dirty work for years and he'll have difficulty replacing him. But Bull himself ought to be pleased. He's getting a command."

"Of a busted-up Liberty ship that blows its inside out every time it puts to sea," said Ross. "And, in any case, he's been nearly ten years on the Capricorn. He's got a right to feel nostalgic. He made plenty of friends here." He sighed. "I shall certainly miss him. For a deck officer," he said in the tone of a man not afraid to make extreme statements when they were indicated, "he was practically civilised."

"What about the new commander?"

"It's a man called Hume. He's due to come aboard today."

"What is he like?"

"You haven't met him before?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Though I've heard things —" Ross shook his head lugubriously and left the sentence unfinished. "However, I mustn't prejudice you. I —"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the chief Customs officer.

"Are we clear yet?" asked Ross with the determined politeness which he reserved for tiresome officials.

"Yes," replied the Customs man shortly. He appeared disinclined for conversation. He scribbled an illegible signature on the necessary documents.

"Nice fellow," said David when he had gone out.

"Charming," said Ross. "But at least you don't have to talk to them. Not like those Port Health chaps. This time they've got a thing about rats."

"Rats?"

"Yes. Six months ago it was smallpox. Now it's bubonic plague. Are we certain there's no way that rats can get ashore? They checked all the discs on the guy ropes. Fortunately, being an old hand, I'd netted all the portholes, too, and that pleased them. So it was all right in the end. The rats can stay on board."

"What about the gangways?"

Ross looked at him pityingly. "David, I despair of you. How would they get down the gangways without a pass from the quartermaster?" He flapped his hand in a motion of dismissal. "Now go away and do some work. It's a fine thing — I sit here working like hell and all my deputy purser can find to do is to park himself on the duplicator and gossip to me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

David smiled. Nobody took Ross' complaints of overwork seriously. Whether Ross himself did, or whether he carried on with them as an elaborate piece of character acting, had never been satisfactorily decided. In fact, the office was overstaffed. For the first day after landfall and another three days or so around departure there was enough for everybody to do. For the rest of the time the machine ticked over without any real strain.

"Anything special you'd like me to do?" he asked.

"You could go to the shipping office. Get the crew list from Bodkin."

Bodkin, one of the assistant pursers, looked up from his desk and held out a sheet of paper. As David glanced through it he said, "I wonder how many of these will be with us when we sail on Thursday."

Bodkin sucked thoughtfully at the end of a ruler, pouting his round chubby lips like a goldfish. "We lost a dozen last voyage."

"I wonder what happened to them."

"Some came back on other ships, I suppose. Some got jobs and stayed. You can earn good money here if you're prepared to work."

"That writes off most of those boys."

"Too right."

Ackerman, the other assistant purser, stopped typing for a

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GIVE THE BOYS AWAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

Martha knew it was inevitable that her boys should have grown up and left her.

A short short story

By GEORGINA MORLEY

WHEN Martha Lohan's first son, Darrell, was born, her next-door neighbor, elderly Miss Coburn, congratulated her with, "Clever of you, dear, to get your son first. Now you can go ahead and have daughters. They're best for old age. They stay close to mother, even when they marry."

"As though," Martha indignantly told Bill, "I'll be one of those women who hang on to their children."

When Dexter arrived, 15 months later, Miss Coburn said encouragingly over the front fence: "Never mind, dear. He'll be company for Darrell. Perhaps next time it'll be a daughter."

Martha, settling Dexter in his pram on the lawn at a safe distance from Darrell's play-pen, made no reply. She fussed with the covers until Miss Coburn went.

When Derek came along, just short of two years later, Martha got in first, before Miss Coburn could say a word, with: "When the time comes to give my boys away to the girls they marry, there's sure to be at least one girl out of the three I'll like. Then I'll have a daughter."

"Will we be giving them away to the girls?" asked Bill when Martha reported her remarks to him.

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because young wives want only their own mothers around. There's no room for mother-in-law."

Bill grunted, "Balderdash."

But Martha, knowing she was right, prepared her heart for the time when she must give her boys away.

Miss Coburn went on saying the wrong thing, but she was kind, and the boys loved her, so Martha tried not to mind. She nursed Miss Coburn through her final illness, and only tut-tutted soothingly when Miss Coburn said, not long before she died, "Hold on to the boys a little when they grow up, Martha. After all, they're yours."

"The poor dear never understood my feelings about that," Martha told Bill when he came home. "There's a cousin in Brisbane, and I've sent a telegram. You ring the undertaker. Boys, come and have your orange juice."

"Oh, skip the orange juice, Martha, and leave them alone." Bill listened to the sobs from the boys' room. "They loved that old girl. She was the grandmother they didn't have. Feel like crying myself."

Martha's heart, steeled for the eventual parting with the boys, was totally unprepared for the parting with Bill. It came when Darrell was 17—two terrifying, utterly confusing days, and Bill was gone.

Once Martha whispered to him: "I'll look after your boys for you, darling," then bent close to hear his answer: "Isn't it time the boys started looking after you?"

Bill had provided for his family. Nevertheless, Martha dug deep into capital to see Darrell through in medicine, Dexter in science, and Derek in law. She didn't mind. The house was hers, and, handled carefully, her money should last until she was eligible for the pension.

Dexter left her first.

He went off to a job in a Melbourne laboratory, and, in no time at all, was writing home about a girl who worked in the same laboratory.

"Brenda's a dream, Mum," he enthused—so that Martha purred with maternal pleasure for him—"and a cracker scientist into the bargain." Martha didn't purr about that bit. It worried her.

She was not clever herself, not even remotely. Bill had never cared, and the boys loved her as "Mum," so it had never troubled her.

But a clever daughter-in-law!

"Please let her be gentle about it," prayed Martha, clinging a little to Darrell beside her in the plane going down to the wedding

But Brenda wasn't gentle. She was abrupt, and not very interested in Martha—not, it seemed, interested in anything apart from Dexter and her work.

Martha knew she was not acquiring a daughter. She must give Dexter away. Never mind, there were still Darrell and Derek.

Darrell started taking out a nurse—a brisk girl whose rather frightening confidence belied her fragile good looks—and very soon made her Mrs. Darrell Lohan.

Nan, he told his mother proudly, would be a great help to him in his career. Not doubting that at all, Martha took out a mortgage on her home to help him buy a partnership in a practice.

Nan was kinder than Brenda, but—and Martha faced up to it—too efficient and independent ever to need Martha. Again, no daughter. Darrell was gone from her.

Derek, who had always liked his food, chose Virginia, a cookery demonstrator. She also was pretty, and, like Nan, exceedingly polite to Martha. But her proficieny in the kitchen, together with her almost reverent devotion to it, frightened Martha, whose cooking was appetising in a merely homely way.

At the wedding, behind her handbag, Martha waved a little farewell to Derek.

She was content because she knew her boys had married happily.

With stern willpower she overcame any temptation to "drop-in" on the two couples living near her. Not phoning them was easy, because soon after Derek married she had her phone disconnected. She couldn't afford to keep it.

Payments on the mortgage—Darrell had enough commitments of his own, so she never reminded him of it—and the bare living she permitted herself ate into the little money she had left. She was still three years off pension age.

Dexter wrote often from Melbourne, sending photographs of his twin sons, and asking: "Why don't you come down to us for a while, Mum?"

Brenda wrote once. A formal note inviting her to visit them for "as long as you might care to stay." Martha, knowing she would be an "extra" in Brenda's home, declined, and waited for Dexter to bring her grandsons to visit her.

Darrell called in frequently on his rounds, and Derek popped in whenever he could. Martha kept fruit cake for Darrell, who loved it, and sweet biscuits for Derek. They cost more than she could afford.

Twice a month she went out to Sunday dinner, once to Darrell's and once to Derek's. She would not go more often for fear they might have to reject invitations because "Mum's coming."

Sponging the skirt of her dark blue suit—17 years old, but who would know it? You can't beat a good suit—one night before going to Derek's, she thought: "I'm not sure I want to go. All that rich food of Virginia's!" The thought of the meal made her queasy, and she had to sit down. She smiled a little. Wouldn't Virginia's professional pride be dented if she knew what mother-in-law was thinking?

She felt queasy again when she sat down to dinner next day at Derek's—Darrell and Nan were also there—and Virginia put a plate loaded with food in front of her.

"So much!" thought Martha tiredly, and then stopped thinking because the food started doing all sorts of blurry things right there in front of her.

Coming out of darkness into light, Martha heard Darrell's voice.

"Gee, Nan, I . . . good heavens, you're right!"

"Of course, I'm right, you ass! You and Derek see her often enough. Why didn't you notice it?"

Martha wanted to open her eyes, but didn't. Tiredness lay on them like a blanket.

"He didn't." Virginia's voice was angry like Nan's. "But I often wondered."

"So did I, but she never let you or me get close enough to find out." That was Nan again. "You must have given her too much."

"Guess I did, but I wanted to . . . well, make it enough for a while."

"We'd better decide what to do. You and me, I mean." Nan's voice had the authoritative note that had always kept Martha away from her. "These two idiots will go on taking and never think of giving. Now, do you . . ."

Virginia's voice was eager. "Later on you can have her for a while, but . . ." she sounded defensive, "well, Nan, I am the cook in this family."

"All right. But, remember, none of your fancy stuff. Good, plain, nourishing stuff is what she wants."

"Dexter's always writing that he'd like . . ." Darrell had his polished, professional voice back again.

"No." That bossy Nan again, thought Martha. "Wear herself out minding those kids so Brenda can go racing back to work. That's what Brenda wants. Out, boys, while we get your mother to bed."

"I suggest . . ."

"Suggest nothing." Bossy Nan again. "Out, I said. You a doctor, and not seeing that your own mother wasn't having enough to eat."

Martha's eyes flew open. Not enough to eat! She opened her mouth in denial.

"Not a word out of you, my girl!" The soft expressions on the faces of Nan and Virginia, bent over Martha, contrasted with the firmness of Nan's words. Two pairs of gentle hands undressed Martha.

"This," announced Nan, tucking her into bed, "is where your daughters take over."

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It was the strangest story Ellie had ever heard, and until she actually met Adelbert she never could really believe it.

The Psychologists

BY MARGERY ALLINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

DID you ever see a man set light to money? Real money: Using it as a spill to light a cigarette, just to show off? I have. And that's why, when you used the word "psychologist" just now, a little fish leapt in my stomach and my throat felt suddenly tight. Perhaps you feel I'm too squeamish. I wonder.

I was born in this street. When I was a girl I went to school just round the corner, and later on, after I'd served my apprenticeships in the big dress houses in France, I took over the lease of this old house and turned it into the smart little gown shop you see now. It was when I came back to do that I saw the change in Louise.

When we went to school together she was something of a beauty with streaming yellow hair and the cockney child's ferocious knowing grin. All we kids used to tease her because she was better looking than we were. The street was just the same then as it is now. Adelaide Street, Soho. Shabby and untidy and yet romantic, with every other doorway in its straggling length leading to a restaurant of some sort.

You can eat in every language of the world here. Some places are as expensive as the Ritz and others are as cheap as Louise's papa's Le Coq Au Vin with its one dining-room and its single palm in the whitewashed tub outside.

Louise had an infant sister and a father who could hardly speak English but who looked at one with proud foreign eyes from under arched brows. I was hardly aware that she had a mother until a day when that grey woman emerged from the cellar under the restaurant to put her foot down and Louise, instead of coming with me into the enchantment of the workshops, had to go down into the kitchen of the Coq.

For a long time we used to exchange birthday cards, since neither of us were writers exactly, and then even that contact dropped, but I never forgot her and when I came back to the street I was glad to see the name "Frosne" still under the sign of the Le Coq Au Vin. The place looked much brighter than I remembered it and appeared to be doing fair business.

Certainly it no longer suffered so much by comparison with the expensive Glass Mountain which Adelbert kept opposite. There is no restaurant bearing that name in this street now, nor is there a restaurateur called Adelbert, but diners-out of a few years ago may remember him if not for his food at least for his conceit and the two rolls of white fat which were his eyelids.

I went in to see Louise as soon as I had a moment to spare. It was a shock, for I hardly recognised her, but she knew me at once and came out from behind the cash desk to give me a welcome which was pathetic. It was like seeing thin ice cracking all over her face as if by taking her unawares I'd torn aside a barrier.

I heard all the news in the first ten minutes. Both the old people were dead. The mother had gone first, but the father had not died until some years later and, meantime, Louise had carried everything including his vagaries on her shoulders, or that was what I gathered. She did not complain. Things were a bit easier now. Violetta, the little sister, had a young man who was proving his worth by working there for a pittance, learning the business.

It was a success story of a sort, but I thought that Louise had paid pretty dearly for it. She was a year younger than I was, but she looked as if life had already burned out over her, leaving her hard and polished like a bone in the sun. The gold had gone out of her hair and even her thick lashes looked bleached and tow-colored. There was something else there, too: something hunted which I did not understand at all.

I soon fell into the habit of going in to have supper with her once a week, and at these little meals she used to talk. It was evident that she never opened her lips on any personal matter to anyone else, but for some reason she trusted me. Even so, it took me months to find out what was the matter with her. When it came out, it was obvious.

The Coq Au Vin had a debt hanging over it. In Mama Frosne's time the family had never owed a penny, but in the few years between her death and his own Papa Frosne had somehow contrived not only to borrow the best part of four thousand pounds from Adelbert of the Glass Mountain but to lose every cent of it in half a dozen senile little schemes.

Louise was paying it back in five-hundred-pound instalments. As she first told me about it I happened to glance into her eyes and I saw there one sort of hell. It has always seemed to me that there are people who can stand debt in the same way that some men can stand drink. It may undermine their constitutions, but it does not make them openly shabby. Yet to the others debt does something unspeakable. The Devil was certainly having his money's worth out of Louise.

I did not argue with her, of course. It was not my place. I sat there registering sympathy until she surprised me by saying, suddenly: "It's not so much the work and the worry, nor even the skimping, I really hate so much. It's the awful set-up when I have to pay him. I dread that."

"You're too sensitive," I told her. "Once the money's in the bank you can put the cheque in the envelope and forget for once, can't you?"

She glanced at me with an odd expression in her eyes; they were almost lead-colored between the bleached lashes.

"You don't know Adelbert," she said. "He's a queer bit of work. I have to pay him in cash and he likes to make a regular little performance of it. He comes here by appointment, has a drink, and likes to have Violetta as a witness by way of audience. If I don't show I'm a bit upset he goes on talking until I do. Calls himself a psychologist; says he knows everything I'm thinking."

"That's not what I'd call him," I said. I was digusted. I hate that sort of thing.

Louise hesitated. "I have known him burn most of the money for effect," she admitted. "There, in front of me."

I felt my eyebrows rising up into my hair. "Get away!" I exclaimed. "The man's not right in the head."

She sighed, and I looked at her sharply.

"Why, he's twenty years older than you are, Louise," I began. "Surely, there wasn't ever anything between you? You know . . . like that?"

"No. No, there wasn't, Ellie, honestly." I believed her, she was quite frank about it and as puzzled as I was. "He did speak to Papa once about me when I was a kid. Asked for me formally, you know, as they still did round here at that time. I never heard what the old man said, but he never minced words, did he? All I can remember is that I was kept downstairs out of sight for a bit, and after that Mama treated me as if I'd been up to something, but I hadn't even spoken to the man—he wasn't a person a young girl would notice, was he? That was years ago, though. I suppose Adelbert could have remembered it all that time, but it's not reasonable, is it?"

"That's the one thing it certainly isn't!" I told her. "Next time I'll be the witness."

"Adelbert would enjoy that," she said grimly. "I don't know that I won't hold you to it. You ought to see him!"

We let the subject drop, but I couldn't get it out of my mind. I could see them both from behind the curtains in my shop window, and it seemed that whenever I looked out there was the tight-lipped, silent woman, scraping every farthing, and there was the fat man watching her from his doorway across the street, secret satisfaction on his sallow face.

In the end it got on my nerves, and when that happens I have to talk, I can't help it.

There was no one in the street I dared to gossip to, but I did mention the tale to a customer. She was a woman called Mrs. Marten, whom I'd particularly liked ever since she'd come in to inquire after the first model I ever put in my shop window.

I made most of her clothes, and she had recommended me to one or two ladies in the district where she lived, which was up at Hampstead, nice and far away from Soho. I was fitting her one day when she happened to say something about men and the things they'll stoop to if their pride's been hurt, and before I'd realised what I was doing I'd come out with the little story Louise had told me. I didn't mention names, of course, but I may have conveyed that it was all taking place in this street. Mrs. Marten was a nice, gentle little thing with a sweet face, and she was shocked.

"But how awful," she kept saying, "how perfectly awful. To burn it in front of her after she's worked so hard for it. He must be quite insane. Dangerous."

"Oh, well," I said hastily, "it's his money by the time he does that, and I don't suppose he destroys much of it. Only enough to upset my friend." I was sorry I'd spoken. I'd hadn't expected her to be quite so horrified. "It just shows you how other people live."

I finished, and hoped she'd drop the subject. She didn't, however. The idea seemed to fascinate her even more than

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it had me. I couldn't get her to leave it alone, and she chattered about it all through the fitting.

Then, just as she was putting on her hat to leave, she suddenly said, "Miss Kaye, I've just thought. My brother-in-law is Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard. He might be able to think of some way of stopping that fearful man torturing that poor little woman you told me about. Shall I mention it to him?"

"Oh, no! Pray don't!" I exclaimed. "She'd never forgive me. There's nothing the police could do to help her. I do hope you'll forgive me for saying so, Madam, but I do hope you won't do anything of the sort."

She seemed rather hurt, but she gave me her word. I had no faith in it, naturally. Once a woman has considered talking about a thing it's as good as out. I was quite upset for a day or two, because the last thing I wanted was to get involved, but nothing happened, and I'd just started to breathe again, so to speak, when I had to go down to Vaughan's, the big wholesale trimmings house, at the back of Regent Street.

I was coming out with my parcels when a man came up to me. I knew he was a policeman; he was the type, with a very short haircut, a brown raincoat, and that look of being in a settled job and yet not in anything particular. He asked me to come along to his office, and I couldn't refuse. I realised he'd been tailing me until I was somewhere right away from Adelaide Street, where someone would have noticed him at once.

He took me to his boss, who was another definite policeman. Quite a nice old boy in his way, on nobody's side but his own, as is the way with coppers, but I got the impression that he was square on that level, which is more than some people are. He introduced himself as Detective Inspector Cumberland, made me sit down, and sent out for a cup of tea for me. Then he asked me about Louise.

I got into a panic, because when you're in business in Adelaide Street you're in business, and the last thing you can afford is to get into trouble with your neighbors. I denied everything, of course, said I hardly knew the woman.

Cumberland wouldn't have that. I must say he knew how to handle me. He kept me going over and over my own affairs until I was thankful to speak about anything else. In the end I gave way because, after all, nobody was doing anything criminal as far as I could see. I told him all I knew, letting him draw it out bit by bit, and when I'd finished he laughed at me, peering at me with little bright eyes under brows which were as thick as a bit of silver-fox fur.

"Well," he said, "there's nothing terrible in all that, is there?"

"No," I said sulkily. He made me feel a fool.

He sighed and leant back in his chair.

"You run away and forget this little interview," he told me. "But just so that you don't start imagining things, let me point out something to you. The police are in business, too, in a way. In their own business, that is, and when an officer in my position gets an inquiry from higher up he's got to investigate it, hasn't he?

"He may well think that the crime of destroying currency, 'defacing the coin of the realm,' we call it, is not very serious compared with some of the things he's got to deal with, but all the same, if he's asked about it he's got to make some sort of move and make some sort of report. Then it can all be . . . er . . . filed and forgotten, can't it?"

"Yes," I agreed, very relieved. "Yes, I suppose it can."

They showed me out, and that seemed to be the end of it. I'd had my lesson though, and I never opened my lips again on the subject to anybody. It quite put me off Louise, and for a time I avoided her. I made excuses, and didn't go and eat with her. However, I could still see her through the window sitting at the cash desk, and I could still see Adelbert peering at her from his doorway.

For a month or two everything went on quietly. Then I heard that Violetta's boy had got tired of the restaurant business and had taken a job up north. He had given the girl a chance of marrying and going with him, and they'd gone almost without saying goodbye. I was sorry for Louise; I had to go and see her.

She took it very well, and was pretty lucky really, for she got a new waiter almost at once, and her number one girl in the kitchen stood by her and they managed. She was very much alone though, and so I drifted back into the habit of going in there for a meal once a week. I paid, of course, but she used to come and have hers with me.

I kept her off the subject of Adelbert, but one day near the midsummer's quarter day she referred to him outright, and asked me straight if I remembered I'd promised to be witness on the next pay day. Since Violetta had gone she'd mentioned me to Adelbert, she said, and he'd seemed pleased.

Well, I couldn't get out of it without hurting her feelings, and since nothing seemed to turn on it I agreed. I don't pretend I wasn't curious: it was a love affair without any love at all, as far as I could see.

The time for payment was fixed for half an hour after closing time on Midsummer's Day, and when I slipped down the street to the corner the blinds of the Coq were closed and the door was shut.

The new waiter was taking a breath of air on the basement steps, and he let me in through the kitchens. I went up the dark service stairs and found the two of them sitting there waiting for me.

The dining-room was dark except for a single shaded bulb over the alcove table where they sat, and I had a good look at them as I came down the room. They made an extraordinary pair.

I don't know if you've ever seen one of those fat little Chinese gods whom people keep on their mantel-shelves to bring them luck? They are all supposed to be laughing, but some only pretend, and the folds of their china faces are stiff and merciless for all the upward lines.

Adelbert reminded me of one of those. He always wore a black dinner jacket for work, but it was very thin and very loose. It came into my mind that when he took it off it must have hung like a gown. He was sitting swathed in it, looking squat and flabby against the white panelling of the wall.

I had seen what was coming, so I didn't show any surprise when Adelbert lit my cigarette with the burning pound note while Louise looked on.

Louise, on the other hand, in her black dress and tight woollen cardigan, was as spare and hard as a withered branch. Just for an instant I realised how mad she must make him. There was nothing yielding or shrinking about her. She wasn't giving any more than she was forced, not an inch. I never saw anything so unbending in my life. She stood up to him all the time.

There was a bottle of Dubonnet on the table, and they each had a small glass. When I appeared Louise poured one for me.

The whole performance was very formal. Although they'd both lived in London all their lives, the French blood in both was very apparent. They each shook hands with me, and Adelbert kicked the chair out for me if he only made a pretence of rising.

Louise had the big bank envelope in her black bag, which she nursed as if it was a pet, and as soon as I'd taken a sip of my drink she produced it and pushed it across the table to the man.

"Five hundred," she said. "The receipt slip is in there, made out. Perhaps you'd sign it, please."

There was not a word out of place, you see, but you could have cut the atmosphere with a knife. She hated him, and he was getting his due and nothing else.

He sat looking at her for a moment with a steady, fishy gaze, waiting for something, just a flicker of regret or resentment, I suppose; but he got nothing, and presently he took the envelope between his sausage fingers and thumbed it open. The five crisp green packages fell out on the white tablecloth. I looked at them with interest as one does at money.

It wasn't a fortune, of course, but to people like myself and Louise, who have to earn every cent the hard way, it was tidy sum, representing hours and hours of hard graft, scheming, and self-deprivation. I didn't like the way the man's fingers played over it, and the sneaking spark of sympathy I'd begun to feel for him died abruptly. I knew then that if he'd had his way and married her when she was little more than a child all those years ago he would have treated her abominably. He was a cruel so-and-so; it took

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

PROTESTS against the use of a dog by the Russians in their latest satellite experiment indicate how easily some people can lose a sense of proportion. How many animals have our own scientists maimed or killed in the production of vaccines in the fight against human disease? Surely it's better that a few animals should perish in order that thousands of children may avoid the horrors of polio. If it's necessary to vaccinate travellers in our own world, isn't it logical to find ways and means of protecting future space travellers from the impact of deadly cosmic rays?

£1/1/- to Miss O. Stanton, 23 Malvern Ave., Manly, N.S.W.

DRIVERS of cars are often called unprintable names, yet I consider 80 per cent. are courteous and careful on the road. Pedestrians, I think, should be more alert. They step from pavements on to crossings without a glance, then straggle across, sometimes even stopping to greet acquaintances. The squeal of brakes should act as a warning that the mechanism of cars is not infallible, and that pedestrians are placing the motorist in a spot through no fault of his own.

10/6 to Mrs. H. F. Harvey, Argus St., Cheltenham, Vic.

MY husband refuses to accompany me when I buy new clothes, and says he feels embarrassed when I vanish into the fitting-room. It is natural to want him to see my finery when he pays for it, so I suggest that dress shops cater for husbands kept waiting. Perhaps they could provide a model train outside the fitting-room, and all would be well!

10/6 to L.W.E. (name supplied), Strathmore, Vic.

JUST nine years ago your magazine ran a big recipe contest and published a cook-book complete with detailed prices for ingredients used in preparation of a week's meals. I've just been re-reading those prices enviously. Here are a few listed: Two lbs. of white sugar 9d., two dozen eggs 5/3, one lb. minced steak 11d., one lb. tea 2/10. Milk was fivepence a pint, and we could get seven lbs. of potatoes for one shilling. Yet I have memories of people complaining about the high cost of living.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Troyahn, 56 Arthur St., Woody Point, Qld.

IT'S high time we dropped the word "New" from the phrase "New Australians," particularly when it refers to people who have been in this country for a year or more. Why differentiate? Let's call them "Cobbers," because if they're not "dinkum" they soon will be.

10/6 to C. McAndrew, 20 Wentworth St., South Hobart.

I WOULD like to see all streets given interesting names instead of the usual Main Street, First Avenue, and Railway Parade. Some of the more original ones around Sydney are Secret Corner Road, Kissing Point Road, and Dog Kennel Road. We also have Caravan Head Road, Hard Luck Lane, and Dreadnought Street. But has your street an interesting name? Mine hasn't!

10/6 to Miss Norma Cavell, 68 Fourth St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

A fair budget for junior

IN answer to "Waiting" (30/10/'57), who asks advice about pocket-money for children, I'd say: "Don't compare your country family with your city friend's." Your circumstances and environment are quite different. But do allow the children a set amount each week for small jobs they can do. Children up to nine should be satisfied with 1/6 or less weekly. Encourage them to enjoy spending the allowance they have earned, and occasionally as a treat buy them an extra comic or sweets.

10/6 to Mrs. C. G. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

SEEING that your children go to town only once a month, "Waiting" (30/10/'57), your method of giving them sixpence or a shilling for that occasion may be all right. But I think it would be better given weekly, and allowed to mount up towards the cost of a toy or book. We're on the basic wage, but are able to allow our son of eight two shillings each Saturday for pictures and fares, two shillings spending money through the week, and 10/- banking money.

10/6 to Mrs. G. Branson, 182 The Strand, Bedford Park, W.A.

Family affairs

THE time arrived in our family when the children ceased asking permission to go out, and began to resent questioning as to where they were going. I told them of an incident which had impressed me greatly. A lad, who had not endeared himself to his schoolmaster or the local constable because of his pranks, was prevented by his father from going with his mates to a park. Later vandalism was discovered, and when questioned the lads reported that their absent mate had been the last to leave the park. His denials would have been useless in view of his reputation if his father had not had definite proof that he was at home all day. My children saw the point, and always scribble on the slate behind the door where they intend to go. They do not feel that I am prying, and I feel secure in knowing their whereabouts.

£1/1/- to "Mater" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

● ***Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

LORDS AND LADIES

AT a big auction sale in Sydney, one of the items offered was a copy of Debrett's Peerage.

Nobody made a bid for it.

This shows the lack of interest in peers nowadays.

They are out of fashion, like dance programmes, auction bridge, and other pre-war things.

Years ago in England I went through a snobbish phase when I was fascinated by the peerage.

I even became friendly with an earl's grandson. He was a pleasant, unpretentious chap.

One day he said to me: "My cousin Fred — the one with the title — got a fractured skull yesterday. A horse threw him against a tree. If he'd only been thrown a bit harder I'd be a viscount."

I was bitterly disappointed—more so than he was.

In those days I was also slightly acquainted with the son of a baron, the Honorable Billy B———.

I was in a restaurant with a friend of his when a waiter came up. He said: "Excuse me, sir. If you see the Honorable Mr. B———, will you please tell him another of his cheques has bounced?"

From this brief contact with peers' descendants I got the impression that they were likeable, democratic

fellows, with a marked trait in common — they were always short of money.

In the long run this has been the downfall of the peerage. Today the Duke of Argyll is a sock salesman, the Duke of Bedford does tricks to amuse tourists, and so on.

Having lost their money, peers have also lost their prestige. So nobody wants to read Debrett any more.

My little venture into social climbing took place a long time ago. I don't see an earl's grandson now from one year's end to another.

Still, the experience was handy in one respect. As a journalist I do not fall into the various traps connected with titles.

If the wife of Sir Mungo Nutworthy was formerly Thelma Pash, the torch singer, I correctly call her Lady Nutworthy.

I don't believe in bestowing on her — as some do — the title of Lady Thelma Nutworthy, which makes her a peer's daughter.

On the other hand, if poor Lady Thelma Nutworthy is murdered I think it is unfair to demote her in the report to plain Lady Nutworthy.

Members of the peerage may have fallen on hard times, but there is no need to get their titles mixed up.

We can still show kind hearts towards people with coronets.

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● Use the big coupon on the right to enter now in our Readers' Choice Contest. Your vote and a 50-word comment could win you £50.

THE contest is based on the six prize-winning stories of our Short Story Contest, held in conjunction with the International Correspondence Schools.

All you have to do is vote which of these six stories you considered the best, and write a 50-word comment on "Why I Voted For This Story."

The first of the stories published, "Tail of a Wallaby," appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly on October 23.

The last, "Namma Hole," by Sydney writer Noel Tennant, begins on page 23.

For the best comment on the story which receives the greatest number of votes there is a cash prize of £50.

A prize of £25 will be awarded to the person who writes the best comment on the story that comes second in the voting.

Ten pounds (£10) will go to the best comment on the third most popular story.

Please note that you are entitled to only ONE vote and ONE comment.

Your votes will help the prize-winning authors, too, because the writer of the story that tops the voting poll will receive an additional prize of £100.

The six authors have already received £50 each, and Phyllis Rose, who wrote "Tail of a Wallaby," won an extra £100 for the best entry by an author who had not previously had work published.

This is the way to enter:

Read the six stories carefully, and indicate on the voting coupon the story you considered the best. Cut out the coupon, and attach your comment.

Mark your envelope "Readers' Choice Contest," and address it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries close on December 9.

Another voting coupon will be published next week, but remember — ONE vote and ONE comment.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and its associated companies and families of employees may not enter.

READERS' CHOICE CONTEST VOTING COUPON

"Tail of a Wallaby," by Phyllis Rose. (Published October 23.) . . . . . ☐

"The Ghost That Went Walkabout," by E. Wickes. (Published October 30.) . . . . . ☐

"My Mother Said I Never Should," by Dorothy Hewett. (Published November 6.) . . ☐

"Turn Again, Mossie," by Gwen Vimpany. (Published November 13.) . . . . . ☐

"The Web," by Freda Vines. (Published November 20.) . ☐

"Namma Hole," by Noel Tennant. (Published November 27.) . . . . . ☐

● Put an X in the space opposite the title of the story you liked most. Cut out the coupon and attach your comment, "Why I Voted For This Story." Send it to "Readers' Choice Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close December 9.

Name and address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

How to keep clothes party-fresh year after year!

"I've found that clothes stay new-looking so much longer when I wash them in VELVET,"

says MRS. J. BRENNAN of Garland Street, Naremburn, N.S.W.

"Like most biggish families we're 'hand-me-down' experts," laughs Mrs. Brennan, "but I couldn't keep the kiddies' clothes so fresh and colourful without my Velvet. Baby frocks and woollens once worn by 8-year-old Josephine are still good for little Theresa . . . and goodness knows how many times they've seen the inside of a wash tub. Same with the boy's clothes . . . Velvet gives them as many lives as a cat!"

Mark is four today . . . and three brothers, three sisters and bright-eyed Mrs. Brennan help to blow out the candles. They'll soon be singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" — and that's when Mrs. Brennan deserves to take a bow too, for with Velvet's extra soapy suds to help her sail through her big wash, she's the "jolly good fellow" who made this party possible!

"What beautiful hands you have Mrs. Brennan!" "Well there's the reason Aunt Jenny. Right there on the kitchen sink — Velvet. Even after a huge wash-up my hands feel soft and nice, not a bit dry or rough. Velvet's a wonderful friend, Aunt Jenny!"

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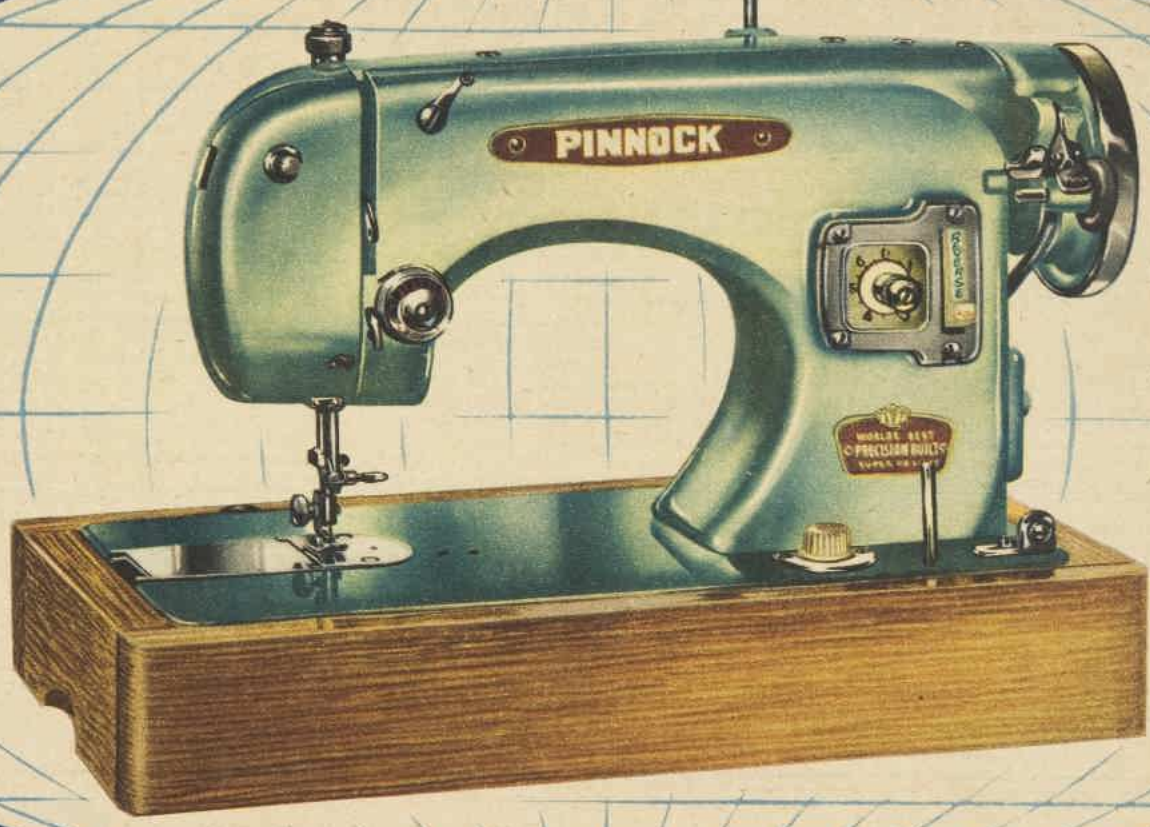

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● There are many stupid people who get their greatest pleasure from teasing others. Teasing is awful whether you are 9 or 90, but it is worst of all when you are in your teens.

HERE is a letter from a girl who is having a bad time with teasers:

"I am 16, and because I am not interested in boys most girls think I am crazy. I enjoy myself the way I am and I think you have plenty of time when you get old to like boys; you have more time being old than you have to be young.

"Another thing, do you see any harm in loving animals? It seems to have caused an uproar during my life. One of my sisters and my twin brother said I should be a zoo-keeper. My elder sister said I was teased because not many girls my age were kind to animals, and that I should be a kennel-maid.

"Would it, by any chance, be because I'm the youngest that I'm teased so much? I can't stand much more of it. Please help me."

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

Every girl begins to develop physically at a different age, some at 11, some at 15, and some later. Many girls develop physically years before they are mentally ready for the adult ways that go with their physical development. Part of this is being interested in boys. One of these days you'll suddenly realise that boys are nice, not horrid creatures put on the earth simply to tease girls. Until you do feel this, I think you are absolutely right to go on enjoying yourself the way you are, and let your girl-friends think what they like.

There is no harm in loving animals, most people do. It is only when you love animals more than everyone you know that there is anything remarkable about it.

As for the teasing, it is something everyone has to put up with at some time of their life. In a family it is always the youngest who gets teased. The secret is not to take any notice of the teasing.

Something to remember when the teasing is in full blast is that teasers always say the most awful things, true or not, to upset you. It's when the sparks fly or you start to cry that teasers really feel they've been clever.

People always tell you to take no notice, as I have, but it's the hardest thing in the world to do. My method is to sit it out saying nothing aloud at all, but to yourself you can say something like "only a month to Christmas," over and over again, which keeps you occupied if you keep a mental count of how often you say it.

At the end, if you can't just get up and go, ask some nonsense riddle like "When is a door not a door?" or "Why do mice when they spin?" This is sure to give them a shock at least, and if you keep it up they'll really think you don't care about teasing and it may stop them. The answers to these two childish riddles are; 1. When it's ajar, and 2, The higher the fewer.

"I AM a girl of 16 and I am in love with a man of 22. I've loved him now for two years but my problem is he has not returned my love. I met him when I was only 14, and from the start I knew I was slowly falling in love with him. Now he has gone to England for two years, and I know that in that time I will not hear from him. He asked me to go and see him off, and he kissed me goodbye and several times asked me if I was going to wait for him to return. I told him I was. The Sunday before he left we spent the afternoon alone together at my house, and although he didn't attempt to kiss me he had his arms around me most of the time. Should I go out with other boys while he is away? Or should I sit at home and wait for him? Also I would like to know how to develop a nice figure."

"P.M.J.," W.A.

You should enjoy yourself while he is away and forget him temporarily. Just keep him in your mind, deep down, as something nice to look forward to, and in the meanwhile spend your time growing up. You'll do this by going out with other boys, and girls, too. It is only in this way that you'll gain worldly wisdom and the extra maturity he will expect to find when he returns. The two years he is away will go far quicker this way, and you'll be a nicer person if you don't just sit at home and wait for him.

When you say you want to develop a nice figure, I take it you mean a nice bust. You can do this by eating the right food, standing up straight, and keeping your shoulders back, and doing some exercises. If you look up our issue of February 13 this year, you will find a whole series specially designed to give you a pretty bosom.

"I AM a teenager of 16 and am continually plagued with boy-friends. Most of these boys are between the ages of 18 and 20, and all think that I wish to go out with them.

"I have told them I do not wish to go out with them, as I have a boy-friend with whom I attend outings and who sees me home from work, but they still ask my parents and myself whether I won't go out. Can you advise me what to do?"

"Confused," Qld.

Just keep on saying, "No, thank you."

A word from Debbie...

HERE'S a crunchy biscuit that is wonderful to serve with a pine float.

They're called "Orange Crunch Bars" and the recipe is one of those super ones that have never been known to fail.

Combine 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup desiccated coconut, and 1 cup self-raising flour. Stir in 4oz. melted margarine or butter. Press the mixture into a slab-tin, bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven until golden brown. While the slab is still warm, ice it with orange icing and sprinkle it with chopped nuts. When cold cut into fingers.

The pine float is a gag—it's a glass of water with a toothpick floating in it. Substitute your favorite cool drink and you're right for a summer snack.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ DISC DIGEST ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

I SUPPOSE there are people who collect soundtrack albums just as keenly as those who buy every record that Bing Crosby makes. To them I can recommend "Beau James" on HAA.2056, but generally speaking these extracts from a film about the life and times of New York mayor Jimmy Walker will have a limited appeal.

"Manhattan," by Rodgers and Hart, which was Jimmy Walker's private national anthem, gets quite a work-out. It's played and sung four times, one version using lyrics that I've never heard before. "Will You Love Me In December As You Do In May," actually written by Walker, is also heard three times. Other tracks are "Someone To Watch Over Me," "Sidewalks Of New York," and there's a lovely vocal version of "Penthouse Serenade," now called "When We're Alone."

Although the record shows Vera Miles as the female vocalist, Bob Hope, who wrote the very amusing notes for the album, lets the cat out of the bag by revealing that Vera's singing voice is really that of Imogene Lynn.

WITH the ballet season with us once again, there's bound to be an upswing in ballet recordings. There are enough "Sylphides" and "Swan Lakes" around to sink a battleship, but there's a new one called "Nights At The Ballet" which appealed to me.

It's a very economical buy for anyone just starting a disc library. It contains well played excerpts from "Carnaval," "Coppelia," "Swan Lake," "Sylphides," "Sylvia," "Fantastic Toyshop," and "Nutcracker Suite." They are played on PMCO.1008 by the Royal Opera House Orchestra (Covent Garden), under the conductorship of Warwick Braithwaite.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Pounds to shed? Make

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Delicious with everything you serve. Munchy, crunchy Ryvita makes other foods taste better. Serve it every day in delicious sandwiches, savouries, after-school snacks — or with cheese and salads. Start today!

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Illustrated at right is a day-into-evening dress with its own brief jacket, an ensemble I have chosen for a teenager's holiday wardrobe.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"Would you please design for me a pretty cotton suitable for a seaside holiday? I am 16, and take an SSW fitting. I intend to make the frock, and would like a pattern for the style you choose."

The dress I have selected is made in printed cotton, and has a brief jacket in a contrasting material. The jacket is finished with a bow-trim and peaked revers faced with the dress fabric. The dress is double-purpose. It can be worn during the day, and is pretty enough to wear after dark. A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I INTEND having a formal sheath dress made in black crepe, and wondered if it would be correct to have the frock ankle-length?"

It would be quite correct to have your dress ankle-length. However, if you decide to choose this length, it is important to wear pretty shoes.

"PLEASE advise me on the correct costume jewellery to wear with a formal evening frock. I like colored stones."

Jewels confined to evening wear include dangling earrings and elaborate tiered necklaces often matched with a bulky brooch. Green is coming into fashion in opaque and clear stones, generally combined with crystals or white beads.

"I WOULD like a suggestion for a soft, pretty blouse to wear in the evening with a black skirt."

A blouse of creamy beige or white chiffon made with a cowl neckline would look pretty and feminine worn after dark.

FOR a month's holiday, beginning in mid-December, I am going to Sydney, but I have no idea what style of clothes I will need. I will be staying at a leading hotel, and will be visiting restaurants, theatres, etc., and want to be smartly and correctly dressed. Would you advise me on my wardrobe?"

In December and January Sydney can be very hot, especially during the day. For general wear, town-type cottons or linens will look appropriate and smart. It is quite customary to go hatless about the shops and suburbs, and a number of girls go stockingless. Take a hat for lunching in a smart restaurant. Sydney women dress up for this occasion. You'll need a pretty, short evening dress or a dressy cocktail dress to change into for theatre-going, dining, and dancing. It needn't be too formal. Cotton will do, with silk or chiffon equally as good. A light wrap—a silk coat or stole—is a comfort after dark because on most days a north-easterly wind that can be quite chilly blows through the city off the water.

"WITH some quite pretty floral rayon chiffon I want to make an informal party frock. I don't want it with a low bodice, but would like it sleeveless. Would you please suggest a simple style?"

Have the sleeveless bodice top you suggest with a straight-across neckline, back and front. Have the waistline finished with a self-material cummerbund and the skirt made with unpressed pleats.

"MY problem is how to use some white cotton corduroy for a casual sporty outfit suitable for a teenager. Could I have your ideas about the style, please?"

I suggest a sleeveless, sailor-collar middy and slim skirt. Have the top hip-bone length, finished with two low-placed flap pockets. The top can be worn with or without a belt.

DS271. — Dress-and-jacket ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. printed material and 1⅞yds. 36in. plain material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

THAT TOUCH OF COLOR

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Few of us are endowed by nature with a complexion of cream and roses. Usually we need a little help to achieve a bloom on the skin.

THIS is where cheek rouge comes into the picture. It is true that teenagers can get by without it, but after the teens a film of rouge is needed to give a pretty pinkness to the cheeks.

To get the utmost out of it, rouge should be applied with a delicate hand and an eye for suitability.

If it is to look completely natural, it must be blended in carefully with cleansing tissue and powdered over with a puff kept specially for the job.

Those brave people who adhere to the pattern set by some high fashion models for just lipstick and powder should be absolutely certain that their skins are clear and flawless.

Otherwise, a touch of rouge is a great help in looking attractive.

"Here's my daily beauty routine with LUX TOILET SOAP . . ."

Anita Ekberg

Lovely Anita says: "I cover my face generously with the rich, creamy Lux lather and work it in gently and thoroughly. Then I rinse with warm water, splash on cold. Pure, mild Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so clear and fresh, so smooth!"

Your skin will glow with beauty, just like Anita Ekberg's. That's the promise of Lux Toilet Soap.

Lux is so mild . . . so gentle, with a purity no other soap can match. Use Lux Toilet Soap and *only* Lux in the shower, in the bath, and every time you wash your face. Then watch your skin take on a new, radiant film star loveliness.

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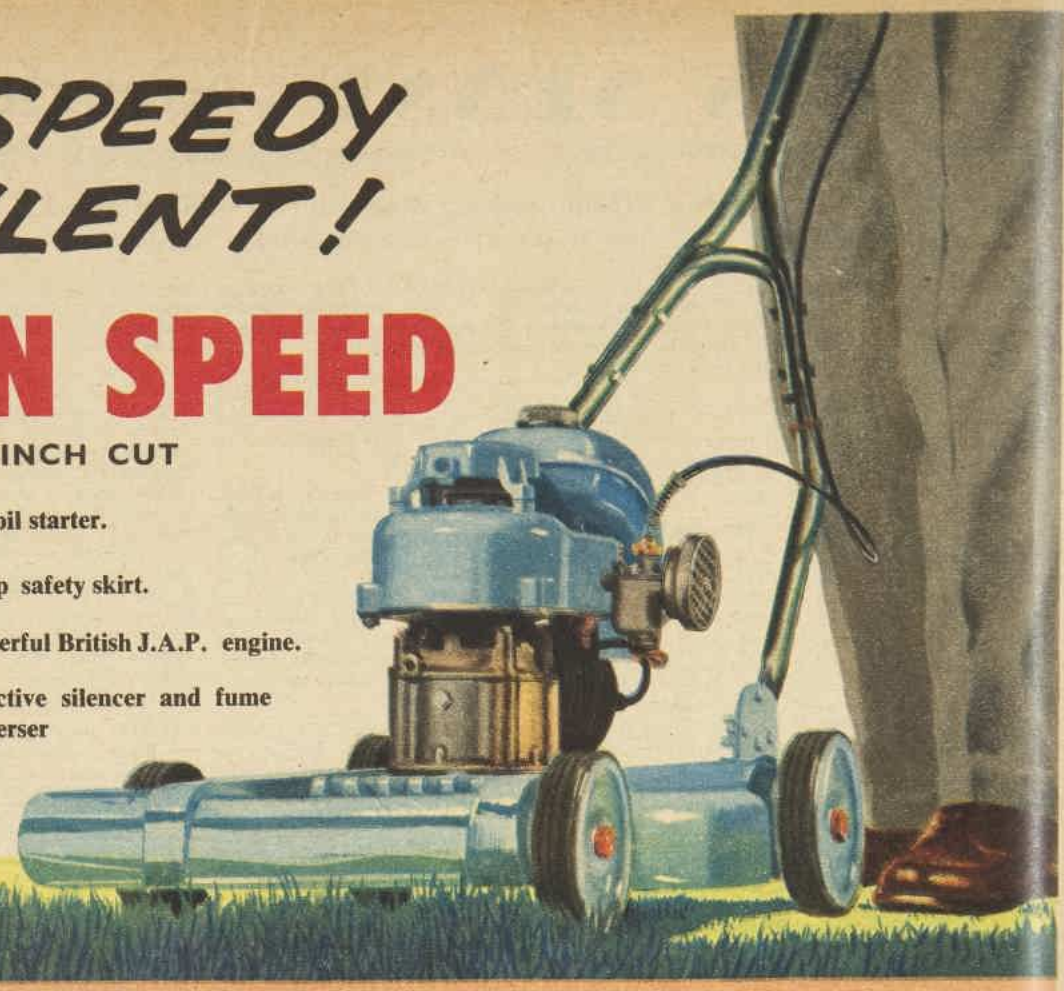

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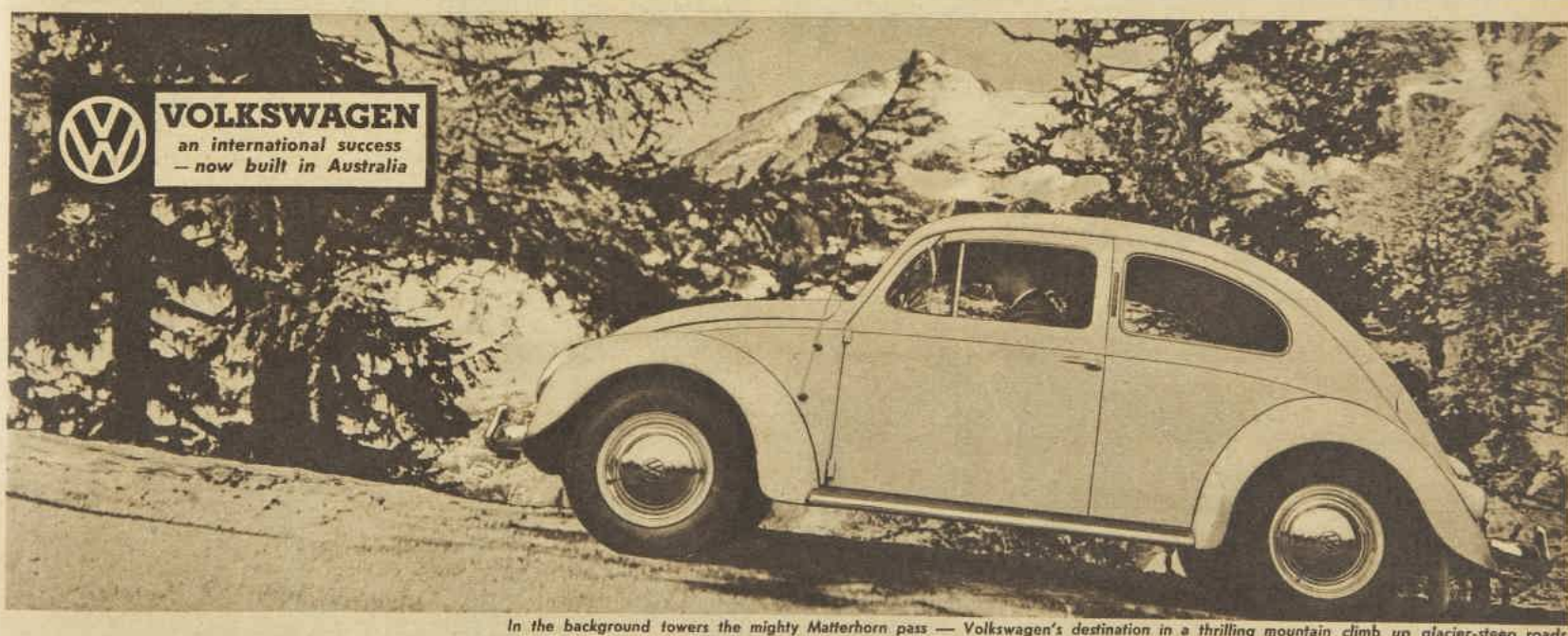
[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Nov. 25

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck at the end of a journey.	★ You may be obliged to travel far and wide to find what you are seeking; beware of hastily clinching a deal, for better opportunities will present themselves.	★ Holiday plans should be coming into focus. If you are hunting holiday accommodation delays can be fatal. Exchange between country and city dwellers may be arranged.	★ This is the time for spring outings. You and your beloved enjoy picnics, beach parties, day-long expeditions to new places. An offer of marriage is likely.	★ Holiday season will slide along smoothly only if you make your preparations in advance. Consider the plans of friends who might like to link up with you.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a business matter.	★ Some of you are skating on thin ice financially speaking. Adjust income and outgo carefully, check and pay accounts promptly to avoid errors. Count your change.	★ Ways and means to your hopes are occupying your thoughts. Cut down here and you may be able to expand there. You might prefer to carry through one project.	★ A rift in the lute may cause trouble. If you have been unreasonable, admit it frankly. If your best beloved has exasperated you, give him a fair chance.	★ If you are completing work for a charity effort this will occupy your leisure. Some will be busy with balance sheets for an organisation. Others attend meetings.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck through an associate.	★ Consult the marriage partner or members of the family before reaching any important decision. You may need moral or financial support in an undertaking.	★ A visitor may offer you a brand-new idea which arouses your curiosity. Support from the household could be invaluable. Hurry to perfect and carry out your plans.	★ So you have teamed up with a regular partner. You are having all the fun of getting acquainted and sharing mutual interests. Love is about to dawn.	★ If you indulge in sports, the social side will be very important. You may serve as convener of a committee likely to be especially busy receiving guests.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a new enterprise.	★ No amount of daydreaming or imaginative vision is going to take the place of elbow-grease. The stars require hard slogging from you. Money may be needed.	★ This is the right moment to go on a keep-fit campaign. Diet and exercise and a high standard of health for the family will bring renewed vitality.	★ With the one you love best you may be helping with a community project, or getting ready for a social function to wind up the year's effort.	★ Life is not very exciting at present, and tired nerves may need a rest from responsibilities. Personal affairs may be uppermost and you may have to decline invitations.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in love affairs.	★ You will be wafted along on sheer luck. You like your work and results should be excellent. If it's a new job you are going to be complimented.	★ If you are a parent, children's parties, preparations for school concerts and breakups may mean sewing, cooking, planning, or other work for the small fry.	★ You fall for the most wonderful person and he is going to ask you to dance more than once in the next few weeks. He may be the love of your life.	★ Gaiety could leave you breathless with excitement. You are likely to be in such demand that you decide you can always catch up on your lost sleep later.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a happy ending.	★ You may be on holidays, you may resign a post which has become uncongenial, or you take time to attend to personal affairs. An interval of rest is appreciated.	★ Home may be quiet, but you'll need it if you are to complete any special tasks. If it's interior decorating, you will be right on the job. Try new color schemes.	★ Should you be asked to baby sit for a younger brother or sister, don't grizzle because you missed a party. Invite your beloved to spend the evening at your home.	★ Pay off those social obligations with hospitality extended at your own home. It may take the form of a simple afternoon tea or an elaborate barbecue in the backyard.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in a chance meeting.	★ Those who have anything to do with communications, clerical work, or teaching may be due for promotion. Aspects are good for others in publications, advertising.	★ Those who are rushing all over the place won't worry much about the old homestead. Gathering new homemaking ideas is more fun than hard work at present.	★ Should unkind gossip reach your ears about the one-and-only, consider if it comes from a jealous contemporary or from a friendly adult. Find out the truth.	★ Shopping, lunch in town, probably a movie matinee with a new friend are likely to loom largely in your programme. Reunion with a group or club is possible.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in a shop window.	★ Whether you are buying or selling goods or services, you are under favorable auspices. The bargain hunter is at the top of her form looking for Christmas gifts.	★ Purchasing for yourself and family may involve a great deal of thought and you will be anxious to make your money go far. Buy only what you want.	★ That Christmas present for the beloved requires lots of thought. Find out his likes and dislikes. If you are making it yourself, get on the job right away.	★ You may be delegated to buy trophies for a sporting event, small gifts for a Christmas tree. A part-time job may put a brake on social life.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a vital personality.	★ Use your attractiveness to put over projects. Hold back now and you miss out. Strike while the iron is hot and make sure you tie up ends. Be thorough.	★ You are in command on the domestic front and this week you issue orders in a good-natured way. You refuse to let your job as housewife engulf you.	★ If this is true love you will find ways and means to meet each other often. Aside from regular dates collect a crowd for summer outings. Enjoy the holiday season.	★ Plunge into the social swim, enjoy contacts with old friends and new. Present interests will determine next year's set-up. Accept invitation, try new hobbies.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in giving and taking goodwill.	★ A period of quiet effort, but it is going to pay dividends later on. You are bound to hit a few unexpected snags, but they can be overcome with patience.	★ Circumstances over which you have no control may force you to stay home more than usual. Minor illnesses or the presence of an unexpected guest are likely causes.	★ Love must have time to crystallise. Once the first romantic impact has taken place, both you and your beloved need time to construct an ideal object of affection.	★ Helping the less fortunate may be your main object now. Visits, bringing sunshine to the elderly or the sick, can enrich your life and associate you with others.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in sports and pastimes.	★ If someone has been a thorn in your side do your utmost to turn him, or her, into a friend. Co-operate with others. Good relations are essential.	★ Visitors may be welcomed, either your own friends or those of the younger members of the family. You may take part in a scheme such as a surprise party.	★ For teenagers first love is gentle, tender, never really forgotten. You may not marry the present target of your thoughts, but this is part of growing up.	★ Fun and games for all of you. Pick what you enjoy most and move at top speed. Whether your interests are sporting, artistic, or intellectual, you will shine.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in good publicity.	★ You may have to choose between cash and kudos, more money or easier working conditions. If you can't have both, make your decision with your eyes open.	★ Put your best foot forward, have that guest shelf well stocked, look well groomed from early morning to late at night, and you won't be caught unawares.	★ A well-meaning older person may give your beloved a boost up the career ladder, or may wangle you both an invitation which is also an honor.	★ Many of you act as hostesses, receive a vote of thanks for your year's effort, organise a party in someone's honor, or otherwise occupy the spotlight. Be confident.



In the background towers the mighty Matterhorn pass — Volkswagen's destination in a thrilling mountain climb up glacier-steep roads.

Volkswagen surges up Swiss Alps

. . . behind-the-wheel proof that dynamic rear-engine drive sends Volkswagen soaring up steepest grades.

Read the driver's report: Ten miles of constant climbing lay ahead. Grades averaged a ratio of one in ten. Volkswagen never faltered . . . purred steadily upwards. The powerful rear engine drove this 14 h.p. car up many slopes in top gear and Volkswagen cornered easily around even hairpin bends.

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You enjoy "cushion-comfort", too — unique torsion bar suspension smooths out the roughest roads.

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A LOVER LIKE VALEN

FASCINATING Ava Gardner plays the role of the wild, restless Lady Brett Ashley in this film version of Ernest Hemingway's famous novel of the hectic post World War I years. She is seen here in a Paris bar.

★ The sensational impact made by newcomer Robert Evans as the bullfighter in "The Sun Also Rises" has caused American film people to predict a return to popularity of the romantic matinee-idol hero.

ALTHOUGH his name was not even on the ballot handed to the audience who saw the first sneak preview, 20 per cent. of the cards handed in named Evans as the actor the writer liked best.

The preview audience had passed over the names of Mel Ferrer, Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Ava Gardner to vote for a dark, lithe young man making his second picture.

The success story of this former executive vice-president of a New York women's sportswear manufacturing company would be thrown out of any studio story conference as too far-fetched.

Evans, 27, immaculately groomed, and with easy, cosmopolitan manners, was literally discovered twice within a few months.

During a business trip to Hollywood he was seen by former star Norma Shearer, who was struck by his likeness to her late husband, Irving Thalberg.

At this time there was a search for an

FRENCH cabaret singer Juliette Greco, romantic interest of producer Darryl F. Zanuck, makes her American debut in "The Sun Also Rises." In this scene Tyrone Power introduces her to Mel Ferrer and seated friends.

ABOVE. Robert Evans, who as the young bullfighter Pedro has a sensational success in this Fox film.

RIGHT. This scene from the film shows Power introducing Pedro to Ava, Ferrer, Albert, and Flynn.

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TINO

actor to portray Thalberg in "The Man of a Thousand Faces," the biographical film of Lon Chaney, starring James Cagney.

Norma persuaded Evans to do a test at Universal, and he was signed for a one-picture deal. Already wealthy, Evans wasn't interested in a long contract.

Not long after completion of the film, Darryl F. Zanuck was sitting in New York's El Morocco nightclub when he saw Evans entertaining a group of business associates.

Zanuck immediately decided this was the man he wanted for the young bullfighter in "The Sun Also Rises," though he didn't know Evans had been in front of a camera.

Evans agreed to another Hollywood test, cancelled a trip to Cuba, and within a month was in Mexico making screen love to Ava Gardner.

It was said, too, that the tempestuous Ava was more than a little interested in the new Valentino-like actor off the set.

In Zanuck, Evans was dealing with a truly fabulous Hollywood character known, before he turned independent producer, as "Czar of all the Rushes," and before he knew it Zanuck had him signed to an exclusive contract, with yearly options, for two pictures a year.

In between film-making, Evans will return to his business in New York.

The suits you'll see Evans wearing when not in his matador clothes are from his own wardrobe and are a Fifth Avenue tailor's version of the current Ivy League mode, featuring three-button jackets and narrow lapels.

That he manages to steal so much of the limelight with his second film is all the more remarkable when it is considered that not only are its male stars vastly experienced as actors but all, with the exception of Albert, have themselves produced and directed.

The first of Evans' future pictures will be a remake of the old Valentino success of the early 'twenties, "Blood and Sand," with Sophia Loren as his co-star.

ROMANTIC PRINCIPALS Ava Gardner and Tyrone Power fall in love during World War I, when they meet at the hospital where Ava is working as a nurse and Tyrone is a patient. The color CinemaScope film was made on location in Paris, Biarritz, Mexico, and in Pamplona, Spain, during a festival week.

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"THE TOMMY STEELE STORY"

1 LIVING with his mother and father in their Bermondsey (London) home, Tommy worked as a bellboy until an accident at his hobby "judo" hurt his spine.

2 IN HOSPITAL, given a guitar as occupational therapy treatment, Tommy learnt how to play, wrote tunes and lyrics, and soon entertained patients and staff.

★ **British rock-'n-roll singer Tommy Steele stars in his own life story, a B.E.F. musical biography of the youth who, at 20, is England's biggest name in show business.**

Backed by famous Humphrey Lyttleton's band, by skiffle, calypso, and Caribbean groups, Tommy sings 13 hit tunes, many of which he wrote.

3 LATER Tommy worked on a West Indies bound liner, concentrating more on music than his job, thus antagonising the Chief Steward.

4 ASHORE in London, Tommy told his troubles to a Soho cafe-owner, who offered him a job. Tommy's singing and guitar-playing wowed the patrons, brought a contract with a record company, and hit-parade fame.

5 ORGANISING a teenage party back in Bermondsey, Tommy took along his guitar, and own band, "The Steelmen." His popularity growing, Tommy appeared on television, later at Mayfair's Cafe de Paris.

6 BRITISH autograph-hunters now mob Tommy after every performance, his fanmail is phenomenal, and it's hard to believe he is not yet 21.

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Pears

Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness — that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

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Each tablet is matured for a full fourteen weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, completely pure. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too!

Pears . . . so pure you can see right through it

ECONOMICAL ! LASTS LONGER — NO WASTE!

Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used — it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.

Wonderful new Sunsilk Shampoo is another product of the famous House of Pears. Have you tried it yet?

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For on the links or out to drinks

Be fashionable from hem to heel in Nylons

Versatile Nylons take their cue from what you wear and where you go. The subtle shades will compliment your skin tones and give added elegance to your attire. And there's a complete wardrobe of Nylons specially suited to sport, housework, afternoons in town and extra-special occasions. With a flair for easy care, Nylons are the most feminine, most flattering fashion accessory.

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Full head size
13/6

Like Mother... like daughter...

Silky-soft waves for Christmas

TWINK ONE-LOTION HOME PERM WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER

Give yourself a Twink home perm and you wave oil-softness right into it. Your curls are glossy, waves deep and lustrous right from the first comb through — and they stay that way! That's because Twink contains a specially rich and gentle oil conditioner that sinks into the hair actually *while* it is being waved, making it soft, supple and manageable.

Whatever your type of hair, you may use Twink with perfect confidence; there's no frizz or dried-out brittleness, even with the fine hair of a little girl. Twink is the simplest wave ever. No test curls, no neutralizer! One creamy pink lotion does the whole job of waving — in just 15 minutes. Result: a wave with the look men like and other women admire . . . apparently natural, essentially feminine, and ready to set in any of the prettiest new styles (see suggestions on this page).

Twink for two!

"Makes me feel like a girl again having such a lovely, natural-looking wave," says Mrs. B. Godden, of Caulfield, Victoria. Her daughter, Judith, who's an aspiring actress with all an eighteen-year-old's yen for trying exciting new hair styles (on mother too!) says, "We both loved this new Romantic look — and it set like a dream after we'd both had a Twink home wave."

Mrs. Godden's bouffant style called for a full head perm with Twink. Judith wanted just a hint of whisper-soft curls, puffed at the sides, swept up so sweetly at the back — so she used Tweeny Twink.

Twink–or Tweeny Twink–gives the wave you need for the hair style you want

This perfect young style, the "New Urchin," calls for just a few end curls with Tweeny Twink — 3 on each side, 4 across the back, and a slightly curled fringe.

Like to try this glamorous bouffant hair-do? You'll find it so easy to do after a Twink perm. Set hair high on head in big curls, rolling under, keeping the crown smooth.

A wonderfully flattering hair-do for the older woman — made so much easier to manage after a full head Twink wave. Comb hair into a soft cluster of casual curls at the back and sides extending the wave into a pretty half fringe.

Perms up to 15 curls for only 5/6

- *For today's smart, "natural-look" hair-do's that need just a few curls.*
- *Puts curls exactly where you want them — at the neckline, on the sides, the fringe up front.*
- *Makes straight ends infinitely manageable.*
- *Delightfully easy — just a one, two, three operation of winding, putting on lotion and rinsing.*

Tweeny Twink turns wispy ends into silken curls — in minutes Here's the perfect way to cope with those untidy "in-between perm" stragglers'. Tweeny Twink gives you just enough waving lotion to put new curl where old curls fade first, the ends of your hair.

TWINK–or TWEENY TWINK–*available at all chemists and your nearest departmental store*

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Continuing . . . . Namma Hole

from page 23

did have something of his own. Something in which to find pride.

Vince understood their attitude. And since he did he realised just how much sympathy he had for these surly, roughened men, defenceless against pity.

Alec himself revelled in their resentment. He whistled his way through the settlement because he was above all that with the power in his fists.

Yet, once the first realisation of his skill was made, he began to feel discontented. He wanted to use those fists in other places. Fight in the cities, maybe.

It seemed years ago to Vince now . . . Sam Gatty coming rattling up to the station one morning must have seemed like the answer to a prayer.

He and Carrie had never met Gatty before that day. But the arrival of a visitor was always a welcome event out there. The first uneasy stages of acquaintance were skipped, and Carrie came to the point by asking what brought Mr. Gatty so far from the township.

"Well, this is something of a special trip," he said. "Heard you had an abo on the place with the makings of a fighter in him."

Oddly enough, Vince expected it. He understood why he had vaguely felt Sam Gatty was familiar. Gatty was the standard type of sideshow barker. Following the sun with a shabby boxing tent in tow.

There was even a time in the town when Vince himself had accepted the traditional challenge and fought one of the boys who was part of the show out front.

Gatty was putting it in different terms to Carrie. "I manage an exhibition of boxing. That's why I want to see this abo of yours. If he's any good I could use him."

"It's a long way to come for one man," Vince said abruptly.

"Well, there might be more to it than the exhibition tent." Gatty paused a moment as though the rest were obvious. He went on, "I've always looked for a really decent boy who could be trained for the big title stuff."

"And you think Alec might be the one?" Carrie asked.

"Why not? I've heard reports, and I've seen abo fighters who could take on half a dozen ordinary men. Just one good boy and I could end up owning my own gym."

Even before the last remark, Vince felt he didn't want any part of this for Alec. But it wasn't for him to decide. He wasn't supposed to act as guardian for any of the aborigines.

Finally the whole thing was taken out of their hands by the unmistakable thudding of the punching-ball on the verandah. Vince swallowed his drink and stood up. He took Gatty to watch the darting figure outside.

Gatty kept Alec working at the ball for over an hour. Then he winked at Vince in satisfaction, and stopped Alec to ask him if he would be ready to leave by the morning. There was a pause. Surprise flooded the dark face, followed by a wide, stretching grin which gave his answer. For that instant, at least, he was champion of the big places.

Vince turned and went inside with Gatty. There was nothing for him to say. During the evening Gatty was full of enthusiasm, already planning the future now he had the makings of a real fighter at last.

Carrie watched her husband. Through it all she was trying to imagine Alec in a city. He had never been farther than the nearest township. His only contact had been with distant voices heard over the overland wireless. Those things didn't sum up the concrete and steel and a humanity that would seem just as hard. Alec couldn't fight any of that with his fists.

She wanted to speak to Vince about it, but it was a long time since she had had to put anything in the right words. Out here you were inclined to become part of the silence. Thinking to yourself. Almost talking to yourself at times.

Vince always said nobody else in those parts felt obliged to worry about the aborigines living around the station.

Eventually Carrie told herself he was right. They weren't meant to be Alec's keeper. Besides, there wasn't any definite reason why things shouldn't turn out all right.

Next day they were outside to farewell Alec and Gatty. The boy's eyes seemed too big with excitement. And that was the way Carrie remembered him leaving.

The car disappeared down the track. In the emptiness of its echo Vince glanced at a group of men from the settlement who stood beyond the fence. They had come to watch Alec leave, and did not wish him well. This man who derided their ancient customs had gone off to be one of the white man's world.

During the months that followed Vince wondered whether they would hear of Alec again. Then he gradually ceased to think about it at all . . . When Alec did return to Namma Hole he wasn't in a car.

The first Vince knew of it was a commotion in the yard late one afternoon. He stopped at the doorway to see Alec in the middle of a bunch of aborigines who had left their work with the cattle. A weary, dirty Alec, who looked as though he had walked every mile from the nearest city.

There were cries of derision from the other men, a kind of laughter. But Alec seemed hardly aware of it. Or anything else as he stumbled forward, his appearance telling its own story of defeat and broken faith.

They still called after him and for a moment he turned. But not towards them. For a long instant he faced the stationary punching-ball on the verandah. After that he didn't look its way again.

Vince didn't need to ask questions or comment on Alec's return. It had been obvious Gatty would be ruthless in his handling of the aboriginal, trying to force his growth as a fighter. Maybe he was even justified according to his own standards. It was a business to him.

But Alec had broken somewhere along the line. It would be the logical thing for Gatty to drop him. Vince had to shrug it off. That was the end of it as far as he was concerned. Things would just take up as they were before they heard of Sam Gatty.

All the same, during the next few days he waited for Alec to make an appearance with the men for work. When he came he trailed after the others . . . He wasn't erect in his pride any longer and it was their turn to jeer him. That was all right, too. He had managed to keep himself adverse to their ways.

Vince gave him his instructions as though he hadn't been away. He was going to leave it at that, but he abruptly asked about Gatty. "Where did he leave you?"

Alec looked at him for a moment before he shook his head. Long enough for Vince to study the half-closed eye that hadn't been there before.

"I don't know," Alec said. "In the city. He put me out in the big place when I wasn't no good."

"Did he tell you to come back here?" Vince asked sharply.

"No. He just said he didn't care what happened to me." There was a pause and Alec was looking away again. "But there wasn't nowhere else for me to go, boss."

That covered everything. The loneliness and the fear in alien parts. He had come back a defeated being in spite of the reception he knew he must endure from his own people.

During the following months Alec tried to hold on to something of his former conceits, but now the rest of the aborigines could return his contempt he continued a solitary existence outside the settlement.

It had something to do with their tribal practices. Vince realised that. He and Carrie had heard most of their customs when they first took over the station, but there was too much demanding attention in the running of the place to give it much thought.

That was unless something happened. Something like Sam Gatty returning to Namma Hole . . . And now he was there, talking to them as though he had no reason to stay away from the station.

The news of his arrival would have passed through the camp almost as soon as Vince and Carrie knew of it. It was only a matter of time before Alec showed some reaction. Vince found himself wondering whether the aboriginal would merely go from the district for a few days.

He hoped he would go walkabout. But underneath he knew Alec wouldn't follow any of the courses expected of his forefathers.

By then it was getting on towards dusk and there was no need for Gatty to leave the homestead that night. Next morning he came out to join Vince on the verandah. Almost at once Alec walked across the yard to them.

Gatty nodded as though he hardly remembered him. Otherwise he showed no interest while Alec waited for the day's instructions. As Vince outlined them, he was aware of the intense feeling that almost smouldered behind the aboriginal's eyes. It was a kind of righteous hatred, as though this stocky, middle-aged man on the verandah deserved to be destroyed.

It was disturbing, and yet Vince was sure Alec wouldn't seek out a gun or a knife the way Gatty himself would have done in his place.

Vince simply felt the sooner he got Gatty off the station the better. But he wasn't in a hurry to leave that day. He talked to a few of the young men and tried to interest them in their fists, but they didn't respond, and by nightfall he was resigned to going without another potential champion.

They sat together with drinks until late. There were still a good few hours until his departure, and gradually they lapsed into silence. After a while Vince looked up as a customary chanting started in the direction of the camp. Somehow tonight it seemed closer. Or else he was more conscious of it.

"That'd soon get me down," Gatty announced. They didn't comment, and he set down his glass. "I guess I'll get away about dawn tomorrow. Before it gets hot enough to boil the engine."

When he had gone to his room they turned out the lamp and went to the window. Vince looked across to the settlement. A few fires tossed up shadowy demons against the night. It was at this time the aborigines seemed to return most to the primeval beings within them.

They were left to themselves, free of the civilising pretences forced upon the tribe. He could imagine them going over the old legends, beliefs recorded in ochre. Things like pointing the bone.

"I think this is the day, Marcia!"

He frowned to himself. That was what had been in his mind. He realised he was thinking Alec might at last surrender his disdainful hold on the things of the white man and revert to the ways of his brothers. Meet them on their own ground.

Pointing the bone. Vince believed in none of that superstition. Nor the others he recalled. The singing against a person or the pointed sticks in the footprints. It was taught if spikes were embedded in the footprints of your enemy he would be overtaken by death before the sunset.

He really died from that moment, because a man left his life behind him with each footstep. It all fitted in somehow with the grotesque outlines of this place. Even the moonlight failed to relieve it tonight.

Abruptly Vince started as a strange figure moved among the men seated around a fire. It could have been Alec, but he wasn't sure at that distance.

He turned slowly away. He was angry with himself for feeling concerned. Just the same, he awoke next morning into bad humor when he heard Gatty out in the yard.

There was just the first lightening of the sky before dawn, and the man was clattering around at their primitive shower — a tank with a chain which spilled a thin spray of water over your body.

Now Gatty was whistling. And using more water than he should. Finally Vince could see him walking across the yard with a towel pulled around him. Anyway, Vince told himself, he would be gone in an hour or two.

Carrie was up now and making tea in the kitchen. After that Vince felt better, but he was surprised to find Gatty already had his things in the car and was ready to leave.

When the time came they walked outside with him and waited until the car shook itself into life. Even then Vince wasn't certain whether it would move off. Finally it went forward and picked up speed.

Gatty turned to wave a hand, then he was on his way down the track and bringing up the first waves of dust for the day. Everybody on the place was sure to be awake now. In any case, the chill of early morning was gone, and Vince expected to see some of the aborigines around.

More particularly he wondered about Alec. But the collection of tents and tin shacks could have been abandoned for all the life they could see. There wasn't even any sign of the children.

As they went back to the house, Vince glanced towards the shower. Gatty had certainly made a welter of it. In the wet ground he could see the clear imprints of his feet. It meant something to Vince, but for the moment he wouldn't acknowledge just what was put into his mind.

While they were eating breakfast he heard the usual morning noises starting up in the settlement, and before long the men began to turn up for work. Vince went down into the yard and met them. As soon as they had their orders he turned back towards the verandah. He stopped. Almost without knowing it, his eyes sought out the shower side of the house again.

It still lay in shadows, but there was a difference. Two narrow, sharpened sticks reared vertically from the shallow mounds of the footprints. One right foot, one left. Broken off at the top and somehow deadly. As though they already pierced live things there in the ground.

It had been Alec, of course. Putting his hand to other uses now. Vince suddenly asked himself why he was standing there staring. This sort of aboriginal behaviour meant nothing to him. There wasn't even any need to comment on what he had seen. By noon the heat would have dried out, erased those footprints, and there would be only two meaningless pieces of wood pointing at the sun.

He continued inside to take up the normal routine of the morning. Yet he found himself postponing going out with the stockmen. Both he and Carrie knew they were waiting.

They were prepared for anything when they did hear a rider. He was coming quickly, and by the time they reached the verandah he was visible in the distance.

Without speaking, they watched him come up through the gate. It was one of the outback police. Sometimes one dropped in to see whether everything was quiet on the station or simply to have company on his rounds.

This wasn't anything like that. Vince didn't expect it to be from the way he had ridden. And even though they took him inside, they knew his arrival hadn't gone unnoticed. There was a group of aborigines at the fence. The dark men seemed expectant, and Vince took it for granted somebody would be listening under the window.

"You had a man called Gatty here for a couple of days?" the trooper offered as a start.

Vince nodded. He said he hoped nothing had happened to him.

"I'm afraid so. My call is just routine, really. Only want to know what time he left this morning. He turned his car over a few miles down the track and was killed." He stopped to take a drink from Carrie, then shook his head. "Crazy to try and get up speed in that car of his. Anybody would have thought something was after him."

The trooper had come along just after the accident. There were other details. He took a few notes, then asked to send a message over the wireless. After that he left, and Vince wondered what they had talked about towards the end.

The yard was empty again, although it was only noon. On impulse he walked across to the settlement and left a message for Alec to come to the office. When the aboriginal entered, Vince looked up from the desk and said the police had given him some bad news. It indirectly concerned Alec, and that was why he was telling him.

Alec didn't reveal any sort of emotion. None was really expected, but Vince had called him in to finish the thing once and for all. There was only a new sense of dignity about the young man as he stood, uncertain whether the interview was over.

Vince saw with a jolt how much he had grown to be like the other men. The burnt complexion and shrouded eyes lost in time. Timeless time. The resignation was complete. He was an ancient warrior in wrong clothes.

Vince abruptly dismissed him. But even as he walked out, Vince was jerked by another realisation he had half-known all along, and which had hardly seemed important until he saw Alec standing in front of him, as any native from the settlement. He got up from the desk to bring him back. He could hear Carrie coming along the hallway outside. She would confirm this for him.

The trooper had said Gatty was killed about half-past six. That was before the spikes were dug into the footprints. A good while before it. Those aborigines had no cause for satisfaction. Their hollow ritual had nothing to do with what had happened, and he was tired of pandering to them.

Now Vince was at the window. The window that had been such a factor in his relations with the aborigines. It was the break in the barrier. He could see Alec crossing the yard at a trot, approaching a handful of children. Vince was about to call out. His hands were up when he felt a hand on his arm. Without turning around he knew it was Carrie.

"Don't tell him," she whispered.

He looked down at his wife, and for a moment they didn't move. For the first time in months he was aware of the taut strain around her eyes. Gradually he relaxed. And he wondered whether he would really have told Alec the truth.

Outside the aboriginal was passing through the youngsters, and some of those dusty fragments were following him to the camp like conscientious animals.

By then Vince had his answer.

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Continuing . . . .

The Psychologists

from page 29

him that way. I glanced at Louise and saw she was unmoved. She just sat there, her hands folded, waiting for her receipt.

Adelbert began to count the money. I've always admired the way tellers in banks handle notes, but the way Adelbert did it opened my eyes. He went through them like a gambler goes through a pack of cards, as if each individual item is alive and part of his hand. He loved the stuff; you could see it.

"All correct," he said at last, and put the bundles in his inside pocket. Then he signed the receipt and handed it to her. She took it and put it in her bag. I assumed that was the end of it, and wondered what the fuss was about. I raised my glass to Louise, who acknowledged it, and was getting up, but Adelbert stopped me.

"Wait!" he said. "We must have a cigarette and perhaps another little glass—if Louise can afford it."

He smiled, but she didn't. She poured him another glass and sat there stolidly waiting for him to drink it. He was in no hurry. Presently he took the money out again and laid a fat hand over it as he passed his case around. I took a cigarette; Louise didn't. There was one of those metal match-stands on the table, and he bent forward to take and strike one. I moved, too, for him to give me a light, but he laughed and drew back.

"This gives it a better flavor," he said and, peeling off one note from the top wad, he lit it and offered me the flame. I had seen what was coming, so I didn't show any surprise. If Louise could keep a poker face, so could I. I watched it burn out, though, and when he took another to light his own my eyes were on it.

That having failed, he started to talk. He spoke quite normally about the restaurant business and how hard times were, and what a lot of hard work it meant getting up at dawn to get to the market with the chef. And then how customers liked to keep one up late at night, talking and dawdling as if there was never going to be a tomorrow.

It was all directed at Louise, rubbing it in, holding her nose down to exactly what he was doing. She remained perfectly impassive, her eyes dark like lead, her mouth hard.

WHEN that failed he got more personal. He said he remembered us both when we were girls and how work and worry had changed us. I was nettled, but it did not upset me much, for it soon became quite obvious that he could not remember me at all. With Louise it was different. He remembered her all right, with something added.

"Your hair was like gold," he said, "and your eyes were blue as glass, and you had a little, soft, wide mouth which was so gay. Where is it now, eh? Here." He patted the money, the old brute. "All here, Louise. I am a psychologist; I see these things. And what is it worth to me? Nothing. Exactly nothing."

He was turning me cold. I stared at him, fascinated, and saw him suddenly take up a whole package of money and fluff it out until it looked like a lettuce. Louise neither blinked nor moved. She sat looking at him as if he was nothing, a passer-by in the street. No one at all. I'd turned my head to glance at her and missed seeing him strike the match, so that when he lit the crisp leaves it took me off guard.

"Look out!" I said involuntarily. "Mind what you're doing. Don't be a fool!"

He laughed like a wicked child, triumphant and delighted. "What about you, Louise? What do you say?"

She continued to look bored and they sat there silent, facing one another squarely. Meantime, of course, the money was blazing. No one seemed to notice it but me.

I was odd man out. The whole thing was nothing to do with me; perhaps that was why it was my control which snapped. There was no reason why it shouldn't, I mean.

Anyhow, I knocked the cash out of his hand. With a sudden movement I sent the whole hundred flying out of his grasp. All over the place it went—the table, the floor, everywhere. The room was alight with blazing notes.

He went after them like a lunatic; you wouldn't have thought a man so fat could move so fast.

It was the one which laddered my stocking which gave the game away. A spark burned the nylon, and as I felt it go I looked down and then snatched the singed note, holding it up into the light. We all saw the flaw in it at the same moment. The ink had run and there was a great streak through the middle like the veining in a marble slab.

There was a long silence, and the first sound came not from us but from the service door. It opened and the new waiter, looking quite different now that he'd changed his coat for one with a policeman's badge on it, came down the room, followed by Inspector Cumberland.

They went up to Adelbert, and the younger, heavier man put a hand on his shoulder. Cumberland ignored everything but the money. He stamped out the flames and gathered up the remains and the four untouched wads on the table. Then he smiled briefly.

"Got you, Adelbert. With it on you. We've been wondering who was passing slush in this street, and when it came to our ears that someone was burning cash we thought we ought to look into it."

I was still only half comprehending, and I held out the pound we'd been staring at.

"There's something wrong with this one," I said stupidly.

He took it from me and grunted.

"There's something pretty wrong with all these, my dear. Miss Frosne's money is safe in his pocket, where you saw him put it. These are some of the gang's failures. Every maker of counterfeit has them; as a rule they never leave the printing room. This one in particular is a shocker. I wonder he risked that even for burning. You didn't like wasting it, I suppose, Adelbert. What a careful soul you are."

"How did you find out?" Louise looked from them to me. She was still dazed, but suspicious.

Cumberland saved me: "We're psychologists, too, madam, we policemen," he said, laughing, "in our way."

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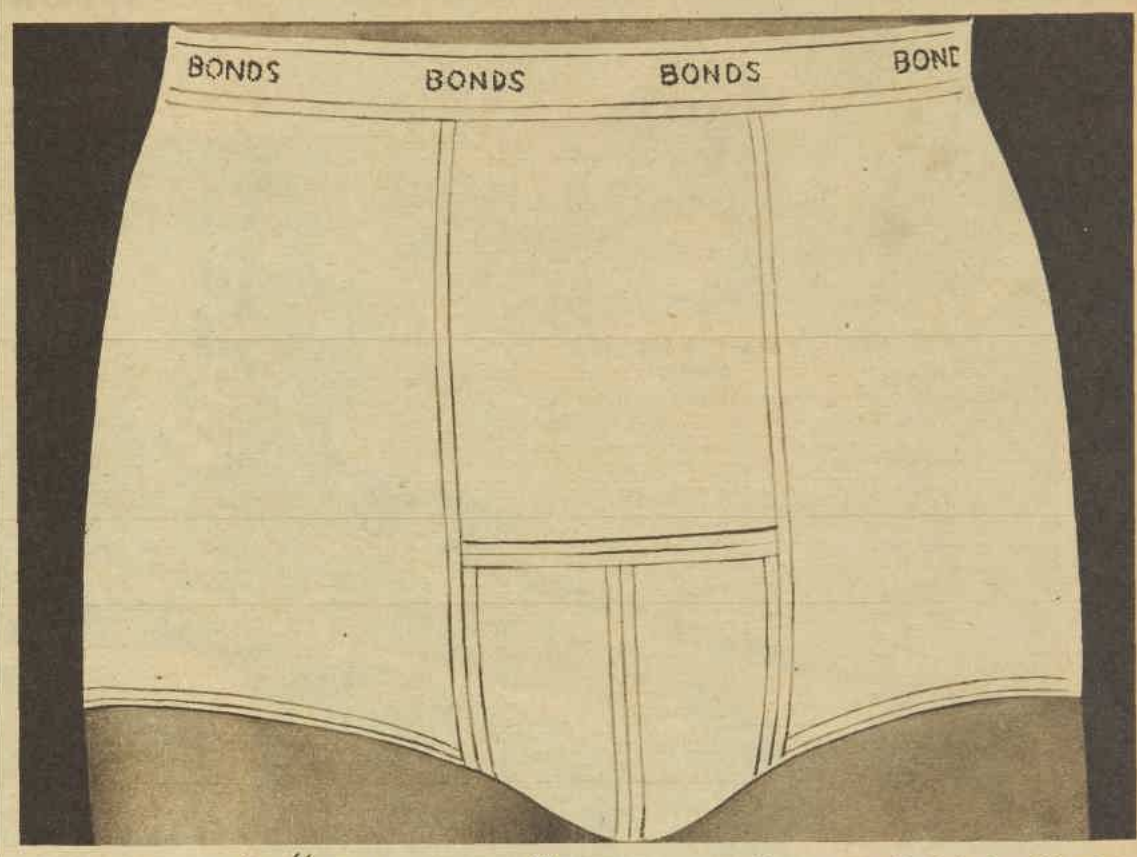

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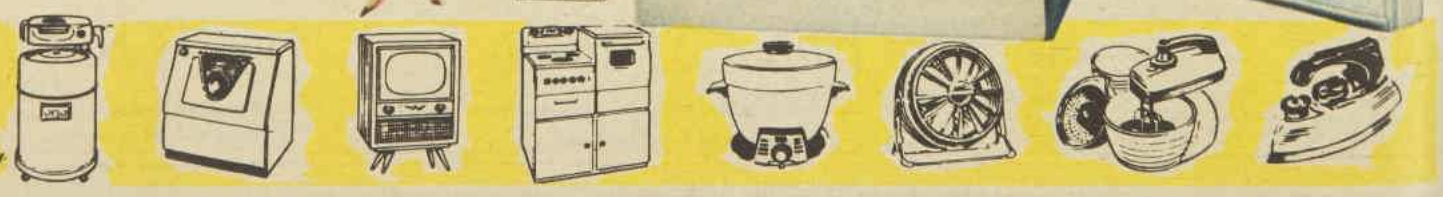

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Continuing . . . . **The Round Voyage**

from page 25

moment. "Did I hear the purser say the ship was clear?"

"Yes," said David.

"About time, too. They gave you quite a going-over, didn't they?"

David nodded. His left hand touched the flat parcel in his pocket. It was a great help, he reflected, not to know what it was. One could pretend to oneself that it was a brooch, a woman's handkerchief, a pair of cuff-links. So long as it was unopened it carried no identity, it was hard to believe that so small, so tidy a thing, wrapped with the conventional neatness of a good department store, could carry so very much danger.

"It was my own fault," he said easily. "I offered the chap a drink and a chocolate, and he thought I was trying to bribe him."

Ackerman clicked his tongue. "You ought to know better."

"It was only squash."

"You never know—perhaps there was some rum in the chocolate."

"Did they catch anybody."

"Only Bodkin." Ackerman pointed to the podgy little face at the desk behind him. "That unhealthy flush is due to guilt as well as alcohol. They found half a pound of hashish in his cabin."

"Don't be a fool," said Bodkin.

The man on the dock gate was no difficulty at all. David had not expected him to be. There were other passenger liners at this pier, and members of their office staffs would be going to and fro through the gates all day. It was hardly practicable to search them all. This necessary coming and going governed, as David knew, the whole attitude of the authorities towards merchant seamen. Since no satisfactory check was possible, reliance was placed partly on sudden unexpected searches, but to a much greater extent on information.

There were spies on most ships, men who were allowed trivial concessions on their own contraband as a reward for passing hints which would help to track down more important game. Also, the smuggling of goods ashore was only the beginning of a process. They had to be passed on, distributed, disposed of. At any point in the chain there might be a leakage of information which would lead the police to track the goods back to their source. He did not think that had happened today. The organisation was efficient. In the nine months he had worked for it there had never been the smallest hitch.

Each voyage there was a parcel, always small and very similar to the one he carried in his pocket at the moment. The contents were never disclosed; the parcel was collected, the money paid, always the same amount in well-used English pound notes, and that was that. It would have been an exaggeration to say that he felt happy about these transactions. But they were necessary, vitally necessary, a price that must be paid. And it need not be for very much longer now.

THERE were taxis waiting at the dock gates. A driver looked at him sourly.

"Shipping office," he said.

On their left stretched the Domain, by day a stretch of rolling parkland where children played and shop-girls ate their luncheon sandwiches; by night the last hurdle in the path of the drunken seaman, who lost here to the thug whatever he might have been lucky enough to save from barman and girl. Above it the tall buildings of Macquarie Street rested listlessly against a shimmering blue sky.

David tried to recall the day when he had first docked in Sydney. There had been an emotion then at the sight of this lively, noisy subtropical town, not English and yet at the same time not completely foreign; so stimulating in many ways, so disappointing in others. In those days each new port had been an adventure, a territory to be explored, an experience to be savored. Now there was nothing left. One grew to know them well enough to lose interest, and yet never well enough to feel affection. One knew the bars and the hotels and the department stores. And there it was.

It was not only Australia. All countries were the same after a time. They were like the people one met at cocktail parties—there was a little food, more than a little drinking, smiles, conversation which seemed at the time vastly significant and was later recognised to be meaningless. Nothing of value could be learnt in these casual contacts and after a time one grew weary of the illusion of fellowship. It was necessary to be absorbed in something, to be part of it, to live close within it, and feel the beating of its heart. Home, he thought, with such intensity that he almost spoke the word aloud, home among my own people. He repeated, without knowing quite who they were and where they were—my own people . . .

When he had finished at the shipping office, he went into a telephone booth and dialled a number. A woman's sharp voice answered.

"Is that the Domestic Applicants' Agency?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I want to speak to Mr. Johnson."

"There's nobody here of that name."

"Mr. T. A. R. Johnson," said David, emphasising the initials slightly.

"Just a moment."

He waited for a few seconds, then the woman came back. "Try the Ivy Tea Rooms," she said. "You may find him there."

"Where is it?"

She gave an address somewhere near King's Cross and rang off abruptly.

It was a fair step away, but he decided not to take a taxi. He eventually fought his way on to a tram, a wretched, groaning skeleton which shook and rumbled ill-temperedly through the narrow streets, as if protesting at the excessive load it had to carry.

David braced himself against a pillar, his eyes closed, his shirt damp against the small of his back, his right hand in his jacket pocket holding firmly on to the package. It would not be so very long now. In half an hour or so the package would be disposed of, the interview with Mr. Johnson at an end. He was almost grateful for the discomfort of riding in the tram. To some extent, it took his mind off his fear.

For he was afraid. In itself that was not surprising, but what he found difficult to explain was why he was so much more afraid at this time than others. A few hours ago, for instance, when the Customs officer was going over his cabin . . . It had been a very near thing with the chocolate box and by rights he should have been terrified. But it was almost as if the danger had had a stimulant effect on him. He had been able to stand apart, to watch himself reacting to the situation, full of wonder at his own coolness and resource. It was like playing cricket on a day when your eye was in, and the ball, balloon-sized, moved slowly and predictably off the pitch.

And yet, if one looked at it rationally, the point of greatest

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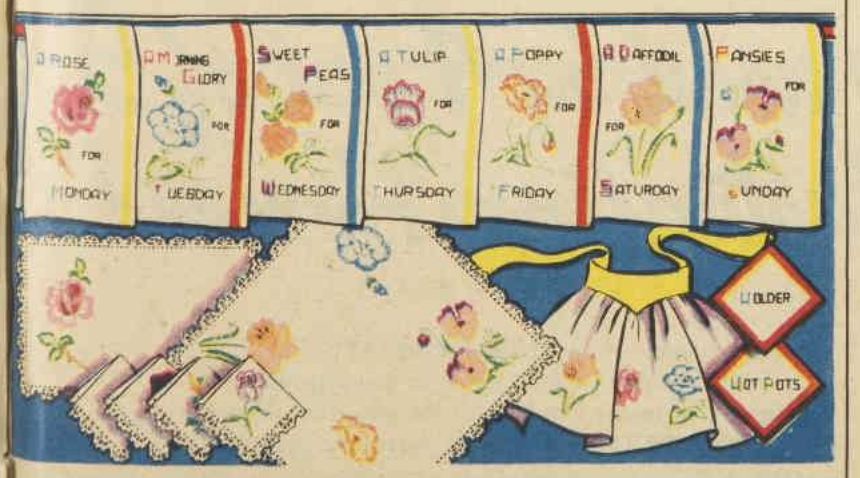

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Continuing . . . . The Round Voyage

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danger was past. From now on, it was nothing but a matter of routine. He should be feeling relieved—instead of which, his apprehension increased progressively as the time went by.

The Ivy Tea Rooms was a featureless little place of a type more common in England than Australia. The cane chairs, the tables with green tiles set in the tops, the net curtains over the window suggested some moribund refuge of decayed gentility in Hove or Bognor Regis. A slatternly waitress sat at a table near the kitchen, her lips moving over a story in her magazine. There was only one customer.

Mr. Johnson sat unobtrusively at a table in the far corner of the tea shop, a cup of black coffee and a plate of biscuits in front of him. His face and the upper part of his body were hidden by the paper he was reading, but the short crossed legs straining the grey gabardine of his trousers with their plumpness, the nylon socks tightly stretched up to the just-visible tip of a suspender, the co-respondent shoes were sufficient identification. When he heard the shop door open he lowered his paper, tilted back his trilby so as to mop his forehead, and regarded David with placid curiosity.

David walked over to his table and sat down in the chair next to him.

"Good morning," he said.

Mr. Johnson did not reply. His pink, brawny face was expressionless; his slightly bulging eyes showed no sign of recognition.

David gave an exasperated sigh. "Mr. T. A. R. Johnson, I presume?" he said.

Mr. Johnson nodded. "That's it."

"What a stupid pantomime! As if you didn't know me——"

"Got to stick to the rules," said Mr. Johnson reprovingly. "You know that. Cup of coffee?"

"Thanks."

With some difficulty they attracted the attention of the waitress. The coffee she brought was as thin, grey, and characterless as herself. David tasted it and grimaced.

"Rotten, isn't it?" said Mr. Johnson. "But it's a nice quiet place to meet. Have a biscuit?"

"No, thank you."

MR. JOHNSON picked up a biscuit and began to eat it. "Of course," he said mournfully, "I'm the one who shouldn't." He indicated the straining button of his jacket, the transverse creases of his trousers under the bulge of his paunch, "But, whatever I do, I seem to put it on." With a sudden change of tone, he said, "Not getting windy, are you?"

"Windy?"

"Yes. I thought you sounded nervous. Forgetting to give the initials and all."

"I'm fine, thank you."

"Glad to hear it. Had a successful trip?"

"Yes. Everything went according to plan. Except for one thing."

"One thing?" Mr. Johnson's voice was sharp. He edged his chair nearer to David's. The two men were now very close together, their clothes almost touching. To David the proximity was repellent; he had to fight against his instinct to move away. "What was that?"

"There was an extra Customs check this morning. It was pretty thorough."

"Did they find anything?"

"No."

There was a moment's silence. "I shouldn't think it was anything to do with us," said Mr. Johnson, "but I'll report it. Tell me the details."

As David began to describe the search, he noticed that while Mr. Johnson's right hand continued to play, rather annoyingly, with his coffee spoon, his left hand had dropped beneath the table out of sight. About half a minute later it returned, broke a biscuit in half, and put one piece into Mr. Johnson's mouth. The hands were very small and white and supple, while Mr. Johnson himself was coarse and fat and awkward. They appeared almost to lead a life of their own independently of him.

At the end Mr. Johnson said, "So that was why you were nervous?"

"I didn't think I was."

"Oh, yes," he said with conviction. "I can tell. It's part of my job, you see. We don't like people to look worried."

"It's comforting," said David ironically, "to feel that you're so concerned about me."

"Oh, but we are," said Mr. Johnson. "It's important to us. If you get a bit jumpy, one of these days somebody's going to notice it and wonder why. That's what I'm here for—to notice it first."

"I'm sure I didn't show anything to the Customs man."

"Probably not. But all the same——" He thought for a moment. "When were you thinking of chucking this business up?"

A wave of relief came over David. So they wanted to sign him off . . . Pehaps they thought he had been at the game long enough, perhaps they had somebody else to replace him. In either case the decision would be taken out of his hands. He could stop now, without reproaching himself for cowardice.

He wanted to reply eagerly, "Now, this very moment." But then caution restrained him. What was behind the question? Was Mr. Johnson merely trying to estimate his state of mind, the possibility of his breaking down and giving the show away? It might be dangerous to give the impression that he was unreliable.

"Fairly soon, I thought," he said casually. "I've made almost as much money as I want."

"Lucky boy," said Mr. Johnson. "I wish I could retire."

"It's not a question of retiring—just of making a fresh start."

"What sort of a fresh start?"

"I want to go ashore and train for a profession."

"What's wrong with your present work?"

"It doesn't mean anything to me, that's all." He felt disinclined to go into more detail with Mr. Johnson. "I want to do something more worth while. But I need money. And this seemed the only way of getting it. Otherwise I wouldn't have touched this business. But I thought I told you all this before—when I first met you."

"People tell us all sorts," said Mr. Johnson impassively, "but we don't always believe them. So you've saved it all up, eh?"

"Most of it."

"And, fairly soon, you want to say good-bye to us?"

"If you've no objection."

"Objection?" Mr. Johnson looked hurt. "It's a free country, isn't it? What do you take us for?"

David felt inclined to say "I don't know." It was the truth. Who, for instance, was Mr. Johnson? Where did he live, what was his real name, how did he spend his weekends? Was he married or single? Despite his ordinary and rather repellent appearance, he was fundamentally as mysterious as these small flat, sealed packages which were the subject of his business.

NOR, David knew from previous experience, was it any use to ask questions. It had been explained to him at the very beginning that the less he knew the better. If the parcel was merely a parcel, it was possible to pretend that there was nothing in it of the slightest importance. If Mr. Johnson was nothing but a portly, middle-aged Australian in a tight cheap suit, it was easy at first to believe in his essential harmlessness. But only at first.

The more one saw of him the less reassuring his appearance became. The lack of true contact with him generated a feeling of insecurity. That, David realised quite suddenly, was the basis of the apprehension which had been growing within him ever since he left the ship.

"Naturally," Johnson went on, "we should like a little notice of your resignation. That's only fair, isn't it?"

"How much notice?"

"Well, for instance, if you want to make this next job your last one, we'd like you to tell us now. It would give us time to make other arrangements."

David hesitated. That would commit him for one more voyage. He would have preferred to sign off here and now, but something prevented him from doing so. It was not that he was impressed by the fairness of the request for a month's notice. He felt no sense of obligation towards Mr. Johnson or his employers. But Johnson had a curious talent for implying depths of meaning beyond the actual words used.

A shorthand transcript of his conversation would have conveyed nothing but polite comments and reasonable, almost diffident, requests. But by some trick of voice and facial expression the comment was turned into criticism, the suggestions into something approaching threats. An attempt to resign without notice would be regarded with disfavor. An outsider might have reasonably said: What of it? What could they do to him? David did not know what they could do to him, or even whether they would consider it worth while to take the trouble.

And yet . . . he felt that on the whole to work for them one more voyage would constitute the lesser risk of the two. Also, he reminded himself, to confirm a decision already made, he still needed the money.

"Very well," he said. "Let's make it like that. One more voyage and then finish."

"I'll tell them," said Johnson. He picked up a lump of sugar and dipped it in the dregs of his coffee. Holding it on his spoon, he watched the brown stain soak its way through the cube, and then popped it in his mouth.

"Come along," said David impatiently. "I'm in a hurry. What's the arrangement for the next one?"

Johnson manoeuvred the lump of sugar into his right check and said, "It's slightly different this time."

"What do you mean, different?" said David, suspicion rising within him. One of the most reassuring features of the arrangement had been that it was always exactly the same procedure, almost a matter of routine, too dull and stereotyped to be alarming.

"Don't get worked up," said Johnson. "It's really much easier — less risky."

"I wish you wouldn't be so soothing," said David acidly. "You're scaring me to death."

"Well, judge for yourself. There's nothing to carry, nothing that could possibly get you into trouble. It's just a question of finding a man a job."

"What sort of a job?" He added, "And what sort of a man?"

"Somebody we know," said Johnson vaguely. "He's a nice chap, harmless sort of fellow, but he's got into a bit of trouble and wants to get away from Australia. We thought you might be able to take him on as a steward or something."

"Can't he travel as a passenger?"

Mr. Johnson shook his head. "I'm afraid not. No — that wouldn't be a good idea at all."

"I'm not in charge of engaging staff, you know. That's up to the purser."

"Technically, I suppose. But

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he leaves a lot to you, doesn't he? I remember you telling me so once before."

David cursed his own stupidity. It was always a mistake to tell Johnson any more than was absolutely necessary.

"Has he had any training?"

"Yes. He can do it all right."

"We've got a full crew at the moment. I don't see how we could get him on here."

"He isn't here. He's at Melbourne."

"Oh—I see."

It was nearly always necessary to sign on extra crew at Melbourne, as Mr. Johnson knew. On every voyage there were a few men in each department who, whether by accident or design, failed to come aboard when the ship sailed from Sydney.

"There's nothing to it," said Johnson. "He applies to you, and you sign him on as you might sign on anybody else. It's a shame to take the money."

Certainly, thought David, it did seem absurdly simple, and infinitely less dangerous than carrying the parcels. Even if something went wrong, the worst that could happen was that he would have made a mistake and engaged an unsuitable man.

"Has he got the right papers?" he asked.

"Leave that to us."

"What is his name?"

"Dillon," said Johnson, "Martin Dillon. You'll find him a nice, easy-going sort of chap. Once you've got him aboard you don't need to worry any more—he'll look after himself."

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"Is he coming all the way to England?"

"No. He'll jump ship when the crew go ashore at Naples. But they can't blame you for that, can they?"

"Oh, no." David drew a deep breath. "Very well. I'll do it. But this is the last one."

"Right. I'll tell them that," said Johnson indifferently. "You collect the money in the usual way when you get to London."

"The same number?"

"Yes. Ask for Mr. Davidson. Mr. E. R. T. Davidson—don't forget the initials." He rose abruptly from his seat. "Well, that's about all, I think. Goodbye."

With a perfunctory smile, he shook David by the hand, and, tucking his folded newspaper under his arm, made for the door. The vulgar, waddling little figure passed by the window on its way down the street, and then disappeared.

It occurred to David that this was the last time they would meet. His departure had been a little perfunctory, but that was perhaps appropriate; theirs had never been a sentimental relationship. He slipped his right hand into his jacket pocket. Yes, the package had gone—that delicate, nimble white hand, in the course of its short absence from the plate of biscuits, had effected the substitution.

The envelope which rested in its place was of the usual consistency and thickness. There was no need to open it until he was back on the ship. David tossed a sixpence on the table, and walked to the cashier's desk. As usual, Mr. Johnson had left him to pay the bill.

. . . . .

Captain Slade stepped out of his cabin and prepared to go ashore. He was wearing one of the new white uniforms which had been tailored for him by Gieves in London two months previously, and he wore his cap at a slightly tilted angle

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

—as a young man he had been a great admirer of Admiral Beatty. His tall, spare figure, with its slight but permissible stoop, his greying hair, and thin, regular features gave him an air of distinction of which he was extremely proud.

Here was no rolling, ranting sea-dog with wind-blown cheeks and a taste for pink gin, but a man of education and administrative capacity, capable of grappling with the complex executive and diplomatic problems involved in the management of a twenty-eight-thousand-ton liner. So, at least, he liked to tell himself.

But today he found less satisfaction than usual in self-contemplation. It was gradually becoming apparent to him that this voyage was an unlucky one. There had been several minor indications in the past few weeks, but he had taken them lightly. They were the sort of tiresome difficulties which were inseparable from command. He had had confidence in the power of his organisation to deal with them. Suddenly, by the decision of some capricious despot in London, that organisation itself had been broken up.

It was his belief that the secret of success was the intelligent delegation of responsibility, a system made doubly attractive by the fact that it left him personally with very little to do. Slade was a man with a fondness for luxury and social routine, with an easy charm which was partly the expression of indolence. The day-to-day management of the ship had been left in the hands of the department heads, the first officer, the purser, and the commander—but most of all the commander. Now, rudely and without notice, Bull was to be snatched from him.

As he walked along the deck and down the gangway his face was deliberately void of expression, as angular and aristocratic as an Aztec mask. He might storm within himself at the injustice of Fate, but he gave no sign of it. His face was public property. He displayed it like an idealised portrait of himself, to create a frame of mind in others, to inspire confidence.

He took a taxi at the dock gates and drove to the company offices. These were a smaller version of the marble halls which housed the parent organisation in Leadenhall Street.

Slade called one of the clerks and announced himself.

"I have an appointment with Commodore Mackie at half-past three."

"Very well, Captain." She was respectful but unimpressed. "If you'd just sit in the waiting-room for a moment . . ."

He sat in a deep leather arm-chair and pretended to read a copy of the "Illustrated London News." He felt slightly on the defensive, as so often on these occasions. The transition was too rapid. Half an hour ago, on board the Capricorn, he had been supreme and dictatorial, the source of all authority. Now, suddenly, he was the employee of a commercial organisation, less considered and paid considerably less than the accountant or the advertising manager.

In the offices they managed to convey that they had seen a good deal of gold braid in their time and thought little of it. They talked insistently of matters which the men who sailed the ships would prefer to forget—dividends, depreciation, turnover—exotic and vaguely frightening words.

Fortunately, thought Slade as he was finally shown into the marine superintendent's office, Mackie was not one of those. Nobody could have mistaken him for a businessman. The office wall was covered with pictures of the ships he had sailed in, starting with a four-masted schooner which he had joined as an apprentice in 1905. He was a small, plump man with a red face and a shock of white hair.

Though he had sat at a desk for several years now, and had acquired a reputation with the directors for considerable shrewdness, he never allowed it to be forgotten that he was primarily a man of the sea. His mannerisms of speech and his reefer-jacket were insistently though not aggressively nautical. There was even a slight roll in his walk, as if he were prepared at any moment for the floor to take a sudden tilt through an angle of fifteen degrees. He greeted Slade warmly and led him to a chair.

"Sorry I couldn't come aboard when you docked," he said. "I had to attend a meeting. Quite unnecessary as it turned out." He shook his head regretfully. "I don't mind saying I envy some of you chaps. Once you cast off you can forget about business for a while. You've only got the sea to cope with, and that's nothing by comparison.

"You'd like to be back at sea?"

"For myself, yes. But not for my wife, and not for the money. If I was a bachelor, I'd ask to go back tomorrow. Though perhaps they wouldn't have me at my age."

SLADE smiled. Mackie must presumably be well over sixty, but his energy was prodigious. It was even possible that he meant what he said about wanting to go back to sea. It was, of course, a traditional line of talk for men with shore jobs, and one took it with a pinch of salt.

Most of them would have been very upset at the proposal to jerk them out of their suburban villas and put them back on the Australia run. But with Mackie (and this gave him a rather special position) one could never be quite sure that he was not telling the truth. Or, at the very least, believed he was.

Mackie threw himself back in the swivel-chair behind his desk and clasped his chubby little hands. "I haven't asked you yet whether you had a good voyage," he said.

Slade hesitated for a moment. "Pretty good on the whole."

"On the whole?" said Mackie, pouncing on the reservation. "Did anything go wrong?"

"Nothing much." Up to this moment he had been undecided whether to bring up the matter at all. He said reluctantly, "There's been a certain amount of discontent among the crew."

"What about?"

"The usual sort of thing. Not enough shore leave. Lack of ventilation in the quarters. I've put in several previous reports to the directors about that."

"It's scheduled to be dealt with next time she has a refit."

"Yes. That's what they've been told."

"Anything else?"

"The food."

Mackie gave a short laugh. "When I went to sea fifty years ago," he said, "one of the first things I was told was that the men were complaining about the food. The beggars have been complaining ever since."

"Yes, I know—they always grouse. It's traditional." Afraid that Mackie would think he was fussing about nothing, he hastened to shelve the responsibility. "I really hesitated to mention it. But Ross insisted that there was more to it than usual."

"What do you think yourself?"

Slade made a bothered grimace. He hated this sort of direct question. "It's not easy to say. You know how it is on big ships—there isn't as much personal contact with the rank and file as one would like to have. I do my best to keep in touch, but it's difficult. There are," he said vaguely, "so many other things . . ."

Mackie nodded slowly. His pale eyes never left Slade's face. It was impossible to know whether he was agreeing with him or sitting in judgment on him.

Slade went on. "For the most part I have to rely on reports. Bull was a great help to me there," he added with a hint of reproach.

"Yes." If Mackie had been responsible for the transfer he was evidently not prepared to apologise for it. "A very level-headed sort of chap. What did he think of the crew situation?"

"He wasn't so worried as Ross. He thought it was a little tricky, but it could be handled all right." It was time, Slade realised, that he made some definite statement on his own account. "That was my view also."

In the moment of saying this he became immediately convinced that it was his view, and had been so from the start. He was able to free his mind from the embarrassment of the truth, which was that he had never even attempted to come to a decision. He had listened to the views offered to him at some length, but there he had left the matter, in the vague hope that it would resolve itself with time. His final expression of opinion was founded not so much on evidence as on his confidence in Bull and a fear of giving Mackie the impression that he was unable to manage his own ship.

"Ross," he said disparagingly, "is a bit of an old woman."

"Is he?" Mackie raised his eyebrows. "I don't know him very well myself." He thought

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for a moment and then said, "If you like, I'll come aboard and look into it."

"Oh, I don't think we need bother you," said Slade quickly. That would make it official. Mackie would send a report to Leadenhall Street, and the impression might be given that the master of the Capricorn was lacking in self-confidence.

"Fine," said Mackie, dismissing the subject. "Hume should be here any moment now. You haven't met before, I believe?"

"No."

"Of course, he's only been with us a couple of years or so. Used to be on the old Crown Line before they got into difficulties. Recently he's been master of the Georgiana. As you know, she's been stuck here for a couple of months with engine trouble. It may take as long again to get her seaworthy. That should give Bull a nice interval to settle down with his crew before she puts out again."

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"Hume?" Mackie hesitated momentarily. "A very competent man. Been doing an excellent job."

"On cargo boats."

"Yes. I'll admit that being the master of a ten-thousand-ton freighter isn't the same thing as being second-in-command on the Capricorn. That's one of the reasons for this transfer. Give Bull a chance to take command, and give Hume some experience at passenger work—good for both of them." He folded his hands across his stomach, a bland Santa Claus with a present for everybody.

"Yes, of course," said Slade uneasily. He found all this reassurance disturbing.

"I'm sure you're going to find him a tower of strength." Mackie appeared to consider the idea of saying something further, and then rejected it. "He's very keen."

There was a knock on the door. "Captain Hume."

Mackie bobbed up from his swivel-chair like a jack-in-the-box. "Come in, Hume," he said. "Come and take a seat. This is Captain Slade."

"Glad to meet you, sir." Hume lumbered up to Slade. He was a man of great size, and his large red hand seemed to engulf Slade's—it was as if he had to exert an effort of will to avoid crushing the thin bony fingers. He smiled, showing a row of irregular teeth stained with tobacco smoke, and then, releasing Slade's hand, pulled up a chair and lowered himself into it.

"It's hot," he said. He moved the electric fan so that it played on the top of his bald, peeling scalp. "Always like the inside of a bath-house in Sydney at this time of year. I'll be glad to get to sea again."

Slade regarded him without enthusiasm. He was prepared to dislike anyone who came in Bull's place at first, out of annoyance at the disturbance of his routine. But, in addition to this, the first impression made by Hume was not encouraging.

He looked and spoke like a type of officer with which

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Slade was very familiar and had always disliked — loud-voiced, domineering, and uncouth. In the face of this sweating mountain of a man his natural fastidiousness became even more pronounced. He spoke in a prim, desiccated voice, like an archdeacon taking tea in a reform school.

"You've been here for some months, I believe."

"Yes." Hume turned to Mackie. "Those engines are no good, you know."

"They're troublesome, I agree. But Golding reckons he can fix the trouble."

Hume shook his head. "If you want my opinion, there's only one thing to do—chuck the whole works into the bay and start afresh. If I've told Golding once I've told him a dozen times."

Mackie said less amiably, "That's the decision, Hume. There's nothing to be done about it."

Hume shrugged his shoulders. "As you say. After all, why should I care?"

"Exactly." Mackie rose to dismiss them. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have another meeting . . ." He said to Slade, "Perhaps you'd like to take Hume along to the ship?"

"If that's convenient . . ."

"Nothing I'd like better," said Hume heartily. "I'm looking forward to getting back on the job."

As they drove towards the harbor, Slade said, "I hope you'll like the Capricorn." He smiled thinly. "You may find it rather different from the Georgiana."

"I expect I shall settle down all right," said Hume with confidence. "What I always say is—passengers are just another form of cargo, when you come down to it. All ships are pretty much the same."

CASTEL'S was currently the most fashionable of the four dining-and-dancing clubs which took care of Sydney's night life, and it had taken a good deal of persistence on David's part to book a table. But when they arrived at eight o'clock the club was only partially full. It was customary, the head-waiter said, to dine late in the hot weather.

The room, as always, was in semi-darkness, and a small four-piece band played softly and languidly to the tiny, empty dance floor. The decor was deliberately sombre, and the thick green velvet curtains were kept perpetually drawn across the windows. Spirit-lamps on each serving-table cast flurrying shadows of the waiters on the walls and ceiling. Castel's prided itself on an atmosphere of sophistication. Here the rich Australian, satiated with sunshine and sport, could enjoy a taste of decadence in his leisure hours.

They were given a table near the dance floor and began to look through the menu. As David glanced at Ann across the table he wondered, not for the first time, at the rather perplexing quality of their relationship. They had sailed together for over a year now. For most of that time they had been close friends, but recently there had been a tendency for them to move towards something more. At times the idea was very tempting.

He was fond of her, she was attractive and affectionate, and it seemed a pity to deprive himself of the happiness she had to offer—from his intimate knowledge of her he felt sure she would respond. But beneath this desire there lay forces which held him back—a fear of involvement, a dread of losing his freedom.

The other tables were beginning to fill up. Suddenly Ann gave an exclamation of annoyance.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Look at the door," she said. "I was afraid of something like this."

DAVID looked through the doorway and saw Fellows. The doctor was standing with his back to them, and presumably waiting for his partner to come from the cloakroom.

"Join the Merchant Service and see the world," she said. "Everywhere you go you meet somebody from the ship."

"It is rather a nuisance," he agreed, "but it doesn't really matter. Let's order some food."

After he had given the order, he said: "Don't you like Fellows?"

"He's all right—so long as you don't get too much of him."

David glanced at the tall, graceful figure in the doorway. Absent-mindedly, Fellows ran a hand over the back of his blond head to make sure there were no stray locks of hair.

"He's very good-looking."

"Yes."

"And polite."

"Yes."

"What is it that you object to?"

"He thinks he has charm."

"So he has, of a sort."

"Well, I wish he wouldn't use it on me."

"Rather flattering, I should have thought."

"Not in the least. There's nothing personal about it. He's only practising." She searched for an illustration. "You know the type of man who falls in love with a car and spends all his time polishing it? Fellows is like that with his own personality."

"Is he a good doctor?"

"He's a doctor," she said indifferently. "He could be a lot worse. He's well trained and he knows enough not to bite off more than he can chew. He doesn't get drunk or make passes at the female patients. That's all you need for a job like his."

"You don't think much of ship's surgeons generally?"

"Nobody could say it was much of a career. Someone has to do it, of course. But there's no real medicine——" She frowned. "Or nursing, for that matter. I'm not really working, any more than he is. We're both here for the sun and the travel and a good time."

"There's nothing wrong with that."

"Not for a little while. But it doesn't last." She looked around the room with an air of disfavor, as if Castel's itself were somehow to blame. "It's not just a question of duty, and making the best use of yourself, though that's important. The other thing is that it's so precarious. You have to enjoy yourself at all costs. After all—if you're living for a good time, and you haven't got a good time, what have you got?"

He looked at her in surprise. "I never knew you felt like that."

"Only sometimes."

He suddenly felt a desire to confide in her, to tell her of his own discontent and the radical measures he had taken to escape from it. She would, perhaps, after all, understand. But then he was beset by a fear that she might understand too well so that her understanding would incorporate her as a partner in matters he still wished to regard as his own. She would say, "If you feel as you do, you must leave the sea," but the implication would be present that she would leave with him. She would become, inescapably, a part of his future.

The moment passed. Her attention was distracted again to the doorway.

"Here he comes," she said. "And, goodness—look at that!"

She stared unashamedly. Fellow's partner had at last appeared. Though not conventionally beautiful, she was one of the most striking girls that David had ever seen. Her appearance gave the impression of a piece of deliberate composition, original in conception but based, like all successful experiments in design, on certain natural features of the material used—in this case her own body.

She was tall for a woman, almost six feet high. Her cheek-bones were prominent and her mouth broad and slightly sulky. Swept back from her forehead was a mane of magnificent auburn hair, which was held behind her ears by two clips of ornamental silver. She was wearing a dress of silk crepe, ivory in color and severely classical in conception, which emphasised the length of her legs and the extreme narrowness of her waist.

She was obviously accustomed to being stared at. As she walked down the stairs with Fellows she gazed impassively before her, with an expression that acknowledged the existence of nobody else in the room. Such arrogance could hardly be other than artificial, a mere product of self-consciousness. It was as if, having gone out of her way to inspire curiosity, she felt nothing but contempt for those who succumbed to it.

Fellows stood for a moment talking to the maitre d'hotel. He at least made no pretence of indifference to his surroundings. As he spoke, his eyes darted among the tables, searching for faces he knew.

Ann said, "I'm afraid we're going to be stuck with them. He'll want to come and join us if he sees us."

"Not likely," said David with confidence. "He'll want to be alone with his girl-friend."

"Would you like to bet?"

"A pound. But I'm not happy about it. I'm robbing you."

"You'll see."

At that moment Fellows carried his inspection round to the table where they were sitting. He waved effusively and, taking his companion by the arm, led her across the dance floor towards them.

"Well, what luck!" he said. "I was just saying to Julia, 'There doesn't seem to be a soul here we know—the place is full of the most awful people——' when I spotted you. I'd no idea you came here."

"We don't, often," said David. "This was rather a special occasion. The night before sailing."

"Yes—of course," said Fellows mechanically. He was often too occupied in preparing his own next remark to

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COLOR GIVES ROOMS VIVID LIFE

● If you love stimulating decorative effects you will certainly want to use vivid and varied color inside your home.

COLOR enlivens and revives a house as nothing else does, and for this purpose there is a whole rainbow of hues at the disposal of any enterprising person who wants to give the family residence a new look.

The popular fashion these days is to use pastel colors on the outside of the house and offset them with strong colors inside.

A striking example of how strong color can be used for interior decoration with considerable effect is shown in the pictures on this page. They were taken at the home of Mrs. J. Murray-Walker, of Warrawee, N.S.W.

Mrs. Murray-Walker has chosen unusual shades with depth and richness for walls and furnishings and has used them with an authoritative flourish.

People with a liking for the dramatic will appreciate the venture in bold domestic decor.

● ABC of Color overleaf.

Complete Home Section

LIVING-ROOM at the home of Mrs. J. Murray-Walker, of Warrawee, New South Wales, has been transformed with the use of color. Bright apricot walls with the ceiling in a deeper shade are a foil for the shocking-pink printed chintz upholstery on the couch, green-and-white-striped chair covers, a cerise chair, and gay cushions.

ROOM WITH A GARDEN VIEW. The picture above shows the other end of the living-room featured on top of page. Soft, muted green velvet curtains frame the windows and tone with the plain carpet.

DINING-ROOM (right), which overlooks the garden and tennis court, has persimmon-colored walls painted with artist oil paint, then sprayed with clear lacquer. Note the mingling of furnishing fabrics.

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ABC OF COLOR

• Color can beautify your room or ruin it. But you can be sure of success if you plan your decor carefully. There is a simple way to do this. Below we tell you what it is.

COLOR is everywhere—in the earth and the sky, in gardens. It is the background against which everyone lives and we are all affected by it consciously or unconsciously.

So bring it into your home. Use it to give you a feeling of better living, of beauty around you, for emotional satisfaction.

Color has no price. It will cost you no more to paint your walls in a spirit-raising yellow or a cool, restful blue than in a characterless cream.

You probably know that there are three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow; that two of them mixed together will make another color. Blue and yellow make green, red and blue make purple, and yellow and red make orange; the three primaries mixed together make grey.

You probably know also that there are hundreds of different hues, subtle or bold, all derived from the original three primaries.

The red family, for example, can range from palest dawn-pink through medium tones such as bright pink to scarlet and to darkest red-black.

The selection of shades that team together and the right quantities for an interesting balanced decor does take a trained eye or a natural-born talent to be really successful. But this needn't give you the jitters when planning a new decor.

There is a simple, safe secret, and one used by many interior decorators, which you can apply.

All you have to do is find a ready-made color scheme in a furnishing that appeals to you, such as a piece of chintz, a patterned carpet, a wallpaper, a picture, a colored plate, or some other favorite ornament. Pick out two or three colors in the pattern and use them in varying quantities and tones for your decoration scheme.

As a general rule use one dominating color over two-thirds of the room, such as for walls and carpet, but make it a soft, more neutral tone than the other colors in the decor. Use a secondary color of mid value on your furnishings and use the brightest color for accent.

For example, you might have your heart set on a chintz for your bedroom; it has a lot of blue-greens in it, with yellows and a little dusty-pink.

You could have the walls soft dusty-pink, the ceiling a paler tint, and woodwork white.

Carpet could be blue-green, the chintz could be used for bedcover and curtains, and a plain deep dusty-pink fabric for bed skirt and perhaps a pelmet.

A striped pink-and-white fabric could cover a chair and, for accent, you could pick up the yellow from the chintz by having yellow lampshades.

If you feel like playing safe you can use a neutral color, such as grey, for walls and carpet, and introduce your color in the fabrics used for curtains and upholstery. In this way you can change your color scheme occasionally by changing the fabrics without too much trouble or expense.

Almost any color will look well with grey, but the warmer colors, such as watermelon-pink, yellow, tangerine, or red, are usually the loveliest.

Use subtle shades of these colors over large areas, and use the bold tones for accents,

WALLPAPER with a pattern is the centre of interest in this dining-room. Two end walls are pale chartreuse, as are the chair seats. Ceiling, curtains are grey, woodwork and rug on natural floor are white. Accents are green candles and violets in a bowl.

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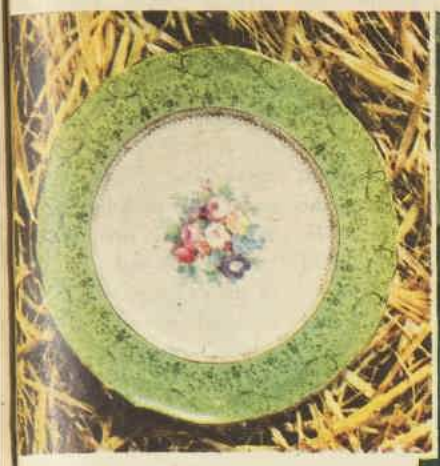
PLANNING A DECORATION SCHEME



such as in cushions and accessories, or one chair, one wall, or window curtains.

Or you can decide on the reverse of the "safe" rule and put gay color on the walls.

Gay wall colors are good for contemporary rooms, which usually make use of various natural surfaces such as natural timber and unpainted bricks. Against these neutral surfaces bright color is young and vital looking.

If you have a favorite color you can use it through the house in a co-related color scheme. Don't be put off by the rules about warm colors, such as yellows, for rooms with windows on the south, or cool colors for rooms with a western or northern aspect.

If you want to use blue in your living-room which has a southern aspect, have a red carpet and introduce blue as an accent.

You can use more of the blue in a room with a northern window. A blue floor covering, for example, with pink for bedcovers is a charming color scheme.

Have the bathroom blue and pink. Here the colors can be in about equal proportions. In your kitchen you can have blue cupboards, white walls and woodwork, and red work tops.

So, you see, you can use your blue, but you should create interest by using it in different amounts and tones in different rooms.

Here are some basic rules to help you plan your color scheme:

- Don't use color in equal proportions. Have about two-thirds of the room in one dominating color. You can use it in varying tones from light to dark. It can be spread over carpet, walls, curtains, big upholstered pieces, but not necessarily over all these items.
- Use the secondary color over the next largest areas and bring a third color into your accessories, or one item, such as a chair, for accent if you wish.
- Avoid using more than one pattern in a room. However, stripes and florals, if carefully chosen, will harmonise; for example, a striped chair with floral chintz curtains.
- The same color on walls, ceilings, and woodwork makes a room appear larger.
- Woodwork in contrasting color to the walls will make a room appear smaller.
- Use contrast to play up a beautiful piece of furniture or accessory or an interesting architectural feature.
- To conceal ugliness, such as a bulky sofa or unattractive fireplace, have it the same color as its background.

FABRICS introduce color into this traditional sitting-room, which has large areas of neutral color. The chintz used for sofa, easy chairs, and curtains at the dining end is lilac-pink with a design in deeper pinks and green. Covers on two small chairs and the plain curtains in the living end repeat the green in the chintz. Notice how these colors also blend in the plate design, at left, above.

VIBRANT COLOR combines with natural timber in this contemporary living-room. Fireplace wall of exposed bricks is forest-green. The timber ceiling is painted bright scarlet with white rafters. Striated plywood is used on the multi-colored cupboard doors (right). Theoretically, some of these colors should not combine well, but as in the floral plate at the left, they create a stimulating effect.

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NEW GIFT IDEAS

AN exciting part of Christmas for everyone is opening the gift packages on Christmas morning. It can become even more enjoyable if your presents are novel as well as attractive. You can often endow the simplest and most conventional gift with real charm by dressing it up in a special way. This usually involves a little extra time and thought, and thus the cost of the gift may be a trifle more. But the pure pleasure of receiving — and giving — a really personalised Christmas gift far outweighs such mundane considerations. Always wrap your gifts prettily. That's half the fun. For example, a touch of glitter, a sprig of holly, or a natty bow of gay ribbon can do the trick for you. A raffle ticket becomes an exciting gift and a promise of prizes to be won when enclosed in an envelope dotted with stars.

THE OYSTER shell at right contains a pair of pearl earrings on a pad of red velvet. To make, clean and varnish the shell (colorless nail polish is ideal), and sprinkle with silver glitter. Cushion with scraps of velvet or satin ribbon and top with a sprig of Christmas holly.

TINY GIFTS like cuff-links, earrings, or a clip fit snugly into a walnut shell. Empty the biggest shell you can find and coat with varnish to give it a rich, glossy look. Line the shell with velvet and tie with colorful tape.

SEALED with glamor and sent with best wishes, an ordinary raffle ticket (at left) or gift token is always welcome. Here a whole constellation of silver stars are scattered over an ordinary envelope to catch the eye.

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Novel presents for the family

CHRISTMAS is only a few weeks away, but if you begin now to make your presents you can still avoid much of that last-minute rush that seems to catch up with even the best-organised people at this busy time of the year. On this page we present six ideas for Christmas gifts that are easy to make as well as inexpensive. There is something here for everyone.

AN ATTRACTIVE BAG like this is always welcomed by the girl who likes accessories that are practical as well as smart. Make it in durable canvas. Instructions for making are given below.

QUAINT RAG DOLL is not difficult to make and will delight any of the younger daughters in the family. Three-eighths of a yard of flesh-colored cotton is needed to make the doll's body, and three-eighths of a yard of patterned cotton for the demure little nightdress.

RAG DOLL TO DELIGHT A CHILD

HERE are the directions for making the doll with the plaits and fluttering eyelashes shown above:

Materials (Doll): Three-eighths yard flesh-colored cotton; ball 5-ply wool; scrap red felt; scrap ribbon; stuffing; 18in. feather boning. Nightdress: Three-eighths yard patterned cotton; toning bias binding

Head: Cut out as shown in diagram (see page 68). Stitch darts. Catch about 14 pieces of wool 4½in. long to darts at either side of head back. Sew strands of wool across the top of the head to complete back of hair.

Allowing for the slight curve of the head when stuffed, pull the back hair down smooth and straight and stitch across the neck edge at the back. Leaving a ½in. fringe at the neck, trim off the excess wool.

To make the eyes, wind the wool about 16 turns around an inch-wide piece of cardboard. Turn under raw edges of lids and sew to lashes. Slip the lashes off the cardboard and trim. Turning a fine hem, stitch eyes in place on face. Pad eyes out with cotton-wool under the lids.

A single strand of wool makes the eyebrows, and the felt mouth is secured by one firm stitch.

Now stitch back and front of head together. Stuff firmly through neck opening.

Directions continued on page 68

CANVAS BAG

THE straight sides of the striped canvas bag shown above enable it to be used for shopping as well as for the beach or a picnic.

Here are the easy directions for making the bag:

Materials: One piece of stiff cardboard 7½in. x 10in. for removable base; 12in. of 72in.-wide awning canvas.

Cut a piece of canvas 30in. x 12in. for sides of bag, and two strips about 14in. long by 2in. wide for the handles. Sew the two strips and fix them in place (use the stripes as a guide) before hemming the top of the bag.

Now cut 3 oval pieces measuring 8½in. and 11in. across the widest parts. Stitch one oval canvas piece to the bottom of the bag. Make another oval from the cardboard measuring ½in. less all round than the canvas ones.

The removable stiff base is made by stitching all round the two remaining pieces of canvas with the cardboard oval inserted between.

GAILY decorated holders for waste paper (above) look attractive in a child's bedroom. To make the one at left, paint a tin and glue colorful postage stamps around the outside. The other two tins have simply been painted inside and trimmed with bright wallpaper and ribbon.

NOVEL GIFT for keeping mail in separate bundles is made with clothes pegs. Simply paint a face on the top of the peg and then attach with a thumb tack a woollen plait like the Chinese one illustrated.

SWAG OF NUTS (below) comes with its own hammer to crack them. Tie the gift like a swag in a square of bright polka-dot material that can be used afterwards as a scarf.

HAPPY CLOWN (at left). Paint a clown's face on a block of wood, drill holes on the top for pencils, use a pencil sharpener for the nose, a rubber for his tongue. (Directions for making on p. 68).

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Xmas Baking

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Xmas Cakes, Xmas Puddings, Xmas Mince Pies all so quickly and easily made with Bakeo as these tested recipes prove. . . . Try these recipes, you'll find them really perfect.

Bakeo Christmas Cake

Ingredients: 2 lb. mixed fruit; 1 large cup water (cold); 1 large cup brown sugar; ½ teaspoon carb. soda; pinch salt; 1 pkt. BAKEO; 4 eggs; 1 teaspoon mixed spice; small pieces of walnuts or almonds; small wine glass spirits; 1 teaspoon parisian essence (for dark cake).

Method: (1) Place in a saucepan fruit, sugar, water, salt, carb. soda, parisian essence, boil and let simmer for 3 minutes. (2) When cool add 4 eggs (well beaten). (3) Add 1 packet of BAKEO and mix well together, adding walnuts, etc., also spirits. (4) Place in greased and lined cake tin and bake for approximately 2½ hours in moderate oven.

SOFT ICING: Two tablespoons butter, 2½ cups sifted icing sugar, 1 egg white, 1 tablespoon milk (about), pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla and ½ teaspoon lemon essence.
Cream butter, add part of sugar gradually, add unbeaten egg white then remaining sugar. Beat well, adding milk to make perfect spreading consistency. Add flavourings and then tint delicately.

Bakeo Xmas Pudding

Ingredients: 1 lb. mixed fruit (or 2 lb. if desired); ¾ cup brown sugar; pinch of salt; good pinch of grated nutmeg; ½ cup cold water; ½ teaspoon carb. soda; ½ teaspoon spice; spirits if desired; 1 tablespoon treacle; 3 eggs; 1 pkt. BAKEO.

Method: (1) Place fruit, sugar, water, salt, nutmeg, spice, carb. soda and spirits in saucepan; boil and allow to cool. (2) Add treacle, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 pkt. BAKEO. (3) Beat till smooth. (4) Place in a greased basin and tie firmly a piece of greased paper over basin to make airtight. (5) Steam 3 to 3½ hours. If pudding is allowed to stand, reheat for ½ hour before serving. Serve with brandy sauce.

Bakeo Fruit Mince Pies

Ingredients: 1 lb. suet; 1 lb. sugar; 2 lb. currants; ½ lb. seeded raisins; ½ lb. candy peel; 1½ lb. apples; 1 oz. nutmeg, cinnamon and all spice (mixed together); ½ pt. brandy; juice of 4 lemons; rind of 1 lemon; ½ teaspoon salt.

Method: Put the ingredients through the mincing machine, mix well together and pack in dry airtight jars. The pastry for the Pies (either one large pie or small pies in patty cans, whichever preferred) will be made from BAKEO, of course. (Follow directions on BAKEO packet.)

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CHRISTMAS RECIPES to keep in YOUR KITCHEN FILE

● On this page and overleaf are eight delicious Christmas recipes to add to your kitchen index file; they are all kitchen-tested and should carry you handsomely through the whole festive season. These recipes are printed back-to-back with the illustrations on one page and the ingredients opposite on the other. Cut the recipes along the dotted lines and each one is complete. All spoon measurements are level.

ROAST TURKEY

● One turkey, 2oz. shortening, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 8 to 10 cups soft breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1½lb. pork-sausage mince, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs.

Saute onion in shortening 3 minutes. Add to breadcrumbs, then add parsley, celery, salt, paprika, nutmeg, walnuts, sausage mince, and lemon rind. Mix well, add beaten eggs gradually. Fill into neck and crop and body cavity of turkey, pack loosely to allow for expansion. Brush with melted shortening, wrap in aluminium foil. Turn on one side, place in baking-dish, cook in moderate oven, allowing 15 to 20 minutes per pound, according to size and age of bird. Turn bird on to other side when half cooked. Remove foil during last 15 minutes of cooking time. When cooked, fleshy part of drumstick should yield to finger pressure.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

● Seven ounces butter, 3oz. castor sugar, 9oz. plain flour, 2oz. cornflour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, blanched almond halves.

Beat butter with sugar until soft and creamy; add vanilla. Work in sifted dry ingredients, mix well. Press evenly over base of slab-tin, cut into finger lengths. Prick some with a fork, press almond halves into others. Bake in moderately slow oven 40 to 45 minutes.

For a variation: Add ½ cup chopped glace cherries and almonds to the creamed mixture before adding sifted dry ingredients.

Scotch shortbread makes an ideal Christmas gift if baked in one piece in a sandwich-tin with a decorated pinched frill around the edge. Prick with a fork before baking 60 to 65 minutes, allow to cool in the tin before removing carefully. Wrap in clear cellophane, seal securely, and tie with a bow of tartan ribbon.

SAME-DAY CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

● Six ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup raisins, 2oz. shredded peel, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ cup warm water, 3oz. butter or substitute, almond essence, ¼ cup brandy.

Sift flour, salt, and spice, add sugar and fruits. Dissolve soda in warm water, add melted shortening and a few drops almond essence. Pour into a well in dry ingredients, add brandy; mix well. Fill into 4 or 6 greased individual moulds and steam in small quantity of water 50 to 60 minutes. If using 1 large mould, steam 2 to 2½ hours.

Custard Sauce: Beat 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, and 1 tablespoon cornflour together, stir in 1 pint milk. Place in saucepan, stir over low heat until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, stir in ½ teaspoon vanilla essence. Serve with Christmas pudding.

FRUIT CHRISTMAS MINCE

● Three-quarters pound raisins, ½lb. currants, ½lb. sultanas, 2oz. finely shredded peel, ¾lb. apples, 6oz. finely shredded suet, ½lb. sugar, ¼ teaspoon each nutmeg and spice, 5 tablespoons brandy.

Chop raisins, currants, and sultanas, place in basin with peel, diced apples, suet, sugar, and spices; add brandy, mix well. Allow to stand several hours. Pack tightly into jars, cover, and seal securely, and stand in a cool, dry place until required. It is advisable to make this mincemeat at least two weeks before using.

This mixture can be filled into shortcrust pastry tartlet cases or into one large pie shell. A novel suggestion is to fill the mixture into small jars, wrap in colorful wrappings as illustrated, and present to your friends and neighbors at Christmas time.

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MORE DELICACIES you can file FOR CHRISTMAS

● Below are four more kitchen-tested recipes to add to your Christmas file. Put together with the other four on previous page, these should enable you to turn out festive dishes that will delight everyone. Readers who do not already own one can order a ready-made file, which measures approximately 8½in. by 6½in., from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) The price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.

CANADIAN FRUIT CAKE

● First Mixture: Four ounces crystallised pineapple, 4oz. glace cherries, 4oz. blanched chopped almonds, 4oz. peel, 3 tablespoons orange juice.

Remove sugar from pineapple, mix with cherries, almonds, peel, and orange juice. Allow to stand overnight before incorporating with second mixture.

Second Mixture: Eight ounces butter, 1½ cups sugar, 6 eggs, 8oz. coconut, ¼ cup brandy, 3 cups self-raising flour, ½ cup orange juice, 8oz. sultanas, 8oz. raisins.

Soak coconut in brandy half an hour. Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, then soaked coconut. Fold in sifted flour alternately with orange juice. Add prepared first mixture, raisins, sultanas, and, lastly, stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into an 8in. ring-tin lined with two thicknesses of paper. Bake in moderate oven 2½ to 3 hours. Cool in tin. Cover with almond paste and fondant icing. Decorate as illustrated.

FONDANT CREAMS

● Two pounds icing-sugar, 2 rounded tablespoons glucose, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, varied concentrated food colorings.

Sift icing-sugar into basin, make a well in the centre. Add unbeaten egg-whites, melted glucose, and lemon juice. Gradually work in icing sugar from sides, mixing to a firm mass. Turn on to board dusted with icing-sugar and knead until mixture becomes smooth. Divide into 3 portions. Tint fondant with coloring. Make some of each color into the following:

Stuffed Prunes: Shape small pieces of fondant to fill stoned prunes.

Walnut and Almond Creams: Shape fondant into marble-sized pieces, press between 2 walnut or almond halves.

Fruit Rolls: Roll fondant out thinly, cut into strips 6in. by 4in., spread with any desired fruit-and-nut mixture; roll up, cut into ¾in.-thick slices.

COLD COLLATION

● Four sheep's tongues, 4 thick slices ham and cooked chicken, 3 cloves, 5 or 6 peppercorns, 1 blade of mace.

Wash tongues well, place in warm water to cover, add cloves, peppercorns, and mace. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender, removing scum as it rises during cooking. Drain. When cool enough to handle, skin tongues and remove root ends. Pack into large basin or mould with alternate layers of ham and chicken. Cover with a saucer or plate, place a weight on top. Leave to cool and set overnight. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with a holly design made with strips of red and green pepper as shown in illustration. Coat with a thin layer of aspic jelly made by dissolving 1 tablespoon gelatine in 1½ cups well-flavored clear stock. Chill again until set.

CHRISTMAS WREATH

● Three-quarters cup scalded milk, 2oz. shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, ¼ cup luke-warm water, 1 egg, 3½ to 4 cups flour, melted butter.

Filling: One cup raisins, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup chopped glace cherries.

Combine milk, shortening, sugar, and salt; cool to luke-warm. Add yeast dissolved in warm water, and beaten egg; gradually add sifted flour. Knead on floured board until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, cover, and stand in warm place until doubled in bulk. Punch down, roll out to ½in. thickness, making a large rectangle. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with combined filling ingredients. Roll up as for Swiss roll, shape into a ring on greased oven-tray. Slash at 1½in. intervals, turn slices to show filling, rise again until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Top with lemon icing and walnut halves.

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FERNS BRING BEAUTY

ASPLENIUM BULBOBIFILUM, or Mother fern (above and right), is very hardy. This fern can be struck easily from a cutting. Peg the cutting to the ground and keep it moist.

Most ferns are difficult to raise indoors because they need atmospheric moisture and not the heated dry air of the house, but there are many hundreds of lovely species and varieties that do well when grown in the open.

GARDENING

FERNS are natural denizens of woodland, bushland, shady dells, and rocky, well-protected gullies, so their habitat must be imitated, so far as possible, if they are to be grown to perfection when potted or set out in the garden.

Ferns can be transplanted any time in spring just when the "croziers" (young curled fronds) are starting to unfold. The ground, if moist, gives the roots a chance of striking and foraging for nutriment.

Many hardy native ferns will stand transplanting until early summer when good growth has been made, but the novice gardener should be careful how the job is done and not injure young fronds or bury the roots too deeply.

Moisture and protection from the direct rays of the sun are important when planting out ferns and are the prime requisites of fern culture. Acid soil is another ingredient for success, because most ferns are natives of moist, fibrous soils where leafmould accumulates and where mosses grow freely, die, and add their acid content.

But don't imagine ferns will thrive in total darkness or in soil that is sodden and waterlogged. Some of them admittedly are bog-lovers and live in very moist or watery patches, but most require a porous, well-drained soil, in partial shade, and some protection from strong winds.

For most ferns, mix up equal parts of well-sieved leafmould, garden loam, coarse sand, and peat moss, or very fine sphagnum moss. Two parts of leafmould can be used if the mosses are not available.

Plenty of broken crocks or small stones should be used for drainage in pots, and always leave about ¾in. of space between the soil surface and the pot rim for watering. Note the depth of the fern when growing naturally, and on resetting do not bury the crowns.

Underground rhizomes that spread widely should be pegged down to a depth of an inch or two until they take hold. Do not leave them exposed above the surface.

Remember, too, that it pays to get some of the natural soil when lifting ferns from the bush and add more year by year if possible.

Wet thoroughly, and if any of the fronds have become broken during lifting or transit, cut them off short. New ones will appear later, and those badly bent or broken fronds, if tied up, give the fern a shabby appearance.

If growing adiantums (maidenhair ferns) for use in bouquets, do not cut too many fronds at a time. In late summer and autumn leave all old fronds standing, and allow a few old severed fronds to remain until spring, because these act as a natural insulation to the roots during the cold months.

When planting ferns in rockeries, make the pockets of soil at least 12in. deep to accommodate the far-reaching roots and keep them cool.

While it is impossible to list or describe here all the thousands of known ferns, the gardener can obtain a wide range of them from good nurseries, including such fine species as holly-leaf, bird's-nest, staghorn and elkhorn, haresfoot, lace, polypody, osmunda, cinnamon, male and female, hart's tongue, crested, ostrich, rasp, batswing, fan-leaf, filmy, five-finger, fleshy king, floating, climbing, potato, rainbow, rock, screw, bracken, sickle, umbrella, and tree ferns, to use the common names of many of them.

Many fine imported ferns are obtainable in Australia, but it will be found that the natives usually are the cheapest and the easiest to grow.

Adiantums (maidenhair) make charming plants for pots, baskets, or the shady sides of pools, and are easy to grow. For wall brackets, small troughs in bush-houses, well-shaded window-sills, and patios that are well protected they are ideal ferns.

The Australian native asplenium include the spleenwort and necklace ferns, which, although slightly tender-looking, are very hardy. They are mostly sprawling or creeping in habit, but grow well in any damp, shady spot.

Asplenium nidus is commonly known as the crow's-nest or bird's-nest fern. Like both the staghorn and elkhorn ferns, it is epiphytic, being usually found growing in the forks of trees, where its roots delve into masses of leafmould that collect over the years.

It is a very beautiful fern, with broad stemless leaves and most unfernlike in appearance. When grown in deep, wide tubs or pots or in shady bays of spacious rockeries, this fern will spread to 6ft. in diameter. It grows in all the eastern States.

Most climbing ferns are difficult to transplant from the bush and should be left alone.

Delicate species much used in bush-houses and glasshouses include nephrolepis (of drooping habit with long fronds), Trichomanes rigidum (bristle fern), a dainty species with fronds 3in. to 6in. long. This is much used for covering logs in bush-houses or for small pots.

"When serving supper to friends...

we'd sooner have tuna"

TUNA STUFFED EGGS

Remove shells from 6 hard-boiled eggs. Halve lengthwise. Remove yolks, mash and mix with 2 tbs. mayonnaise, ½ dstsp. gr. onion, salt, cayenne pepper. Beat till smooth. Mix with 3½-oz. tin Shredded Tuna. Pile up attractively in egg white.

TUNA BUTTER CUPS

Remove crusts from 12 slices day-old bread, brush both sides with melted butter, sprinkle with paprika. Press into deep patty tins, toast in mod. oven 15 mins. till golden. Cook ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tbs. butter till golden, stir in 2 tbs. flour, cook 2 mins. Gradually add 2 cups milk, cook over low heat, stirring till thickened. Stir in salt, pepper, nutmeg to taste, 1 cup cooked peas, 7-oz. tin Fancy Light Meat Tuna, 2 tbs. chopped red capsicum, ½ cup gr. cheese. Heat gently till cheese melts. Serve in butter cups.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Mix 3½-oz. tin Shredded Tuna with 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 tbs. mayonnaise, salt and pepper to taste.

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3½ oz. SHREDDED for savouries, etc.

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SMART BUNGALOW IS SPACE-SAVER

● Our home plan this week is a smart, modern bungalow with space-saving layout, and is designed to fit the average suburban block.

THE plan costs £7/7/-, complete with specifications, and is available at our Home Planning Centres. See addresses below.

The house has two good-sized bedrooms, an L-shaped lounge-dining area, and generous storage space—all under one roof, and in an area of a little more than nine squares if built in timber or fibro.

This well-planned and easy-to-run home was designed by Sydney architect Ian White.

The kitchen is convenient to all rooms. A sliding door shuts it off from the dining-living section. Only a wall separates the doors leading to kitchen and laundry, and there is a minimum of walking to reach bathroom and bedrooms.

The bathroom is between the two bedrooms. There is space for a toilet in the bathroom, but if preferred there could be a separate toilet adjacent to the back landing, as shown on the layout at right.

This would increase the overall area by 20 square feet.

Approximate cost of building this home would be:

In New South Wales; Brick, £4300; brick veneer, £3900; timber, £3050; fibro, £2875.

In Victoria: Brick, £3850; brick veneer, £3470; timber, £2775; fibro, £2675.

In South Australia: Brick, £3100; asbestos, £2625.

In Queensland: Brick, £4300; timber, £2775; fibro, £2675.

Our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- each, complete with specifications.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can also be ordered by mail from the Centres, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

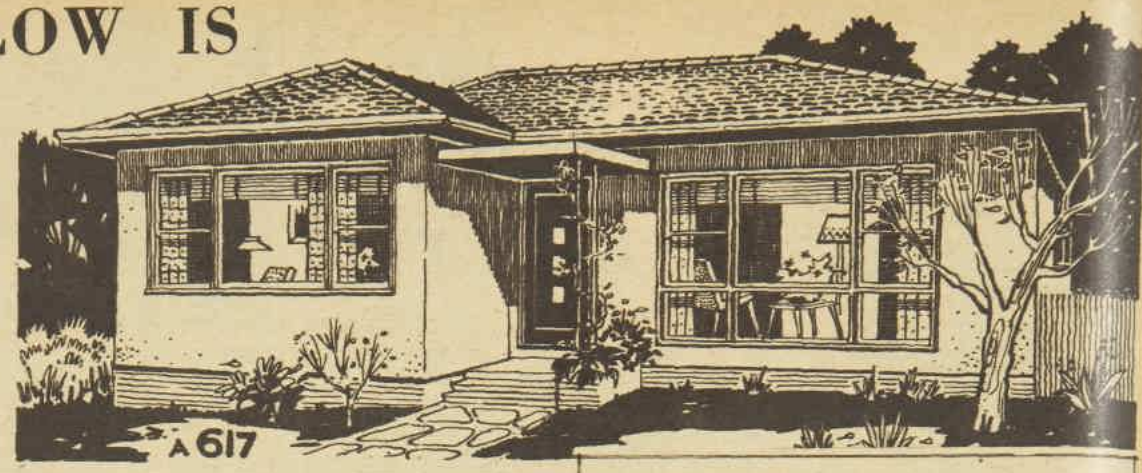
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

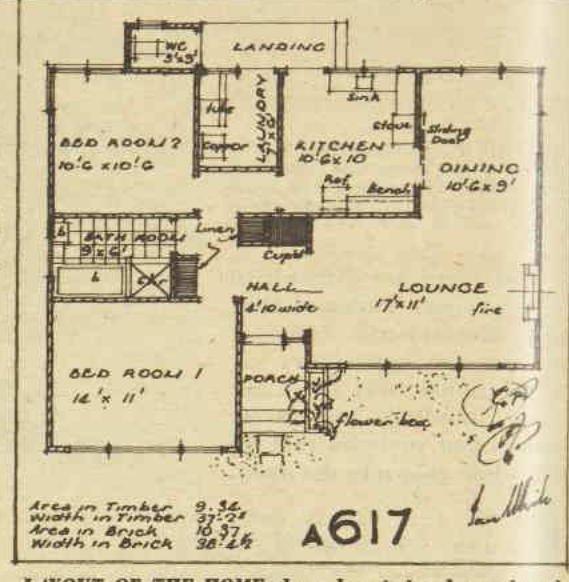
GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance every Friday and Saturday at the Myer Emporium in Geelong to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



HOME PLAN No. A 617 is designed for easy management. It is an attractive bungalow designed for a fairly level site, and has a hipped roof, and a small flat roof over the entrance porch. Flower-boxes enhance the exterior.



LAYOUT OF THE HOME shows how it has been planned to save space. There is ample storage, including two linen cupboards. A coat cupboard opens into the hall.

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Esy-Opener is adjustable to any given lid size and its sure grip prevents any possibility of slipping.

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Persil
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Now made to care for hands

PERSIL WASHES WHITER

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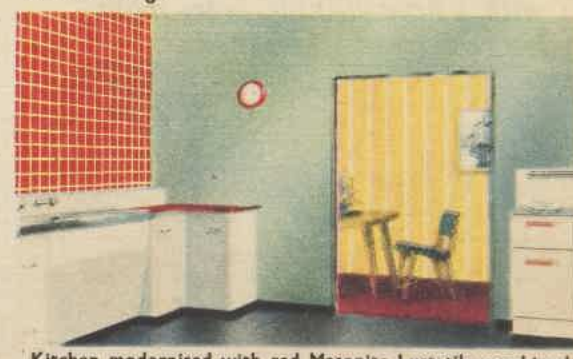
Tiled Beauty the modern way

Lustrtile panels give bathroom walls the luxury surface of tiles at a fraction of the cost.

Bathroom in blue and cream Masonite Lustrtile. Just one of the many delightful colour combinations from the Lustrtile range.



Kitchen modernised with red Masonite Lustrtile combined with grey stippletone Marlited Wall Panels. Dinette is fitted with Masonite Marlited Panelgroove.

MASONITE *Lustrtile*

The Marlited Tileboard that gleams like porcelain

Wonderful Masonite Lustrtile has a high gloss baked enamel surface that seals in all the colour beauty and seals out moisture, grease, acids and mildew. This special Marlited process is exclusive to Masonite Lustrtile in all its fresh, glowing colours. Lustrtile never cracks, so it's ideal for covering old walls. You buy it in 6 ft. x 4 ft. sheets in either 6 in. or 4 in. tile patterns and it's so easy to fix you can quickly do it yourself. Special metal mouldings in matching Marlited colours give corners and joints a smooth professional finish.

Ask for Masonite Lustrtile at hardware stores and timber yards everywhere.

It is not possible to show here the tone beauty of the 15 lovely colours (including stippletones) in the Lustrtile range. Here are some of them. Your Masonite dealer will be glad to show you colour samples.

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Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

CRANKY children often have **WORMS**

Don't punish your children when they become cranky and irritable — they may have worms. Other symptoms are itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms with Comstock's Worm Tablets—8/9 per bottle.

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

Recipes win prizes

● A savory dish of asparagus, eggs, and bacon in a smooth white sauce wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest.

CONSOLATION prizes are awarded to an unusual "quick mix" chocolate rum cake and to a light jellied custard dessert containing cherries.

The recipes for these appetising dishes are given on this page. All spoon measurements are level.

ASPARAGUS SAVORY

One tin asparagus tips, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 or 3 rashers bacon (rind removed), 2oz. butter, 2oz. flour, milk, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, grated cheese, breadcrumbs.

Drain asparagus tips and reserve liquor for future use. Grill bacon-rashers, shell eggs, chop both roughly. Melt butter, stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk made up to 1 pint with reserved asparagus liquor. Correct seasoning with salt and pepper. Fold in prepared bacon, eggs, and asparagus, cut into 1-inch pieces. Fill mixture into greased ovenware dish, or into individual ramekin dishes. Sprinkle top with equal quantities cheese and breadcrumbs. Place in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated and top is golden brown. Serve with fingers of hot buttered toast.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Michael, 2 Gurr St., East Geelong, Vic.

JAMAICA CAKE

One cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ¼ cup coconut; ¼ cup sultanas, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, 3oz. shortening, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon rum.

Place in basin the sugar, egg, vanilla, and half the sifted flour, cocoa, and salt. Melt shortening; add milk and rum. Pour on to ingredients in basin and beat 4 minutes. Add coconut, sultanas, walnuts, balance of dry ingredients; mix thoroughly. Place in greased and floured 6-inch cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven for ¾ hour. Ice, when cold, with chocolate rum frosting.

Frosting: Six ounces icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1oz. shortening, ½ tablespoon rum, 1 tablespoon milk.

Place sifted icing sugar, cocoa in basin, add rum. Melt shortening, add milk, pour on to dry ingredients and beat until thickened to spreading consistency.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Carlton, Lot 24/25 Linda St., Fairfield, N.S.W.

CHERRY CREAM

Two cups milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon gelatine (softened in 3 tablespoons cold water), ½ cup cream or thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, 1 cup cooked pitted cherries.

Heat milk and sugar in top half of double saucepan until sugar is dissolved. Stir in beaten egg-yolks, continue stirring until mixture thickens slightly. Remove from heat, allow to cool. Stir in dissolved gelatine and vanilla. When beginning to thicken fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and cream (whipped), and, lastly, cherries. Chill until set. Serve with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss A. Pickstone, Dalveen, Qld.

INDIVIDUAL, inexpensive ramekin dishes make a colorful and attractive setting for this tasty asparagus savory.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week inexpensive neck of lamb is used to make a delicious family dish that costs 6/9 and serves four or five.

LAMB AND RICE CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds neck chops and scrag end, flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 onion, 1 pint water, 1 green apple, 2 large tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons uncooked rice, shortening.

Cut meat into cubes, removing bone; coat with flour, salt and pepper. Brown lightly in hot fat, place in casserole. Cook sliced onion in hot fat until tender. Drain off fat, add water, chopped apple, and rice. Stir until boiling. Pour over meat in casserole, cover lightly, cook in moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove lid, cover with sliced tomato and chopped parsley, dot with shortening, and return to oven for further 15 to 20 minutes.

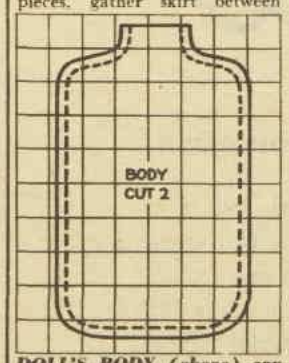
NOVEL PRESENTS FOR THE FAMILY

Continued from page 61

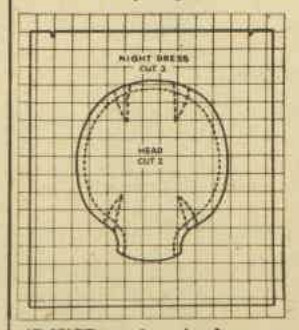
To complete the hair, first sew four loops of wool to the centre top of the head. Then cut 15 strands of wool each about 24in. long for the plaits. Sew these to the top of the head with a double row of stitching to look like a parting. Draw the wool down smoothly on either side to about ear level. Catch firmly and plait remainder of wool. Tie ends with bows.

Body: Cut out body pieces. Sew up arms and legs and stuff firmly to dotted line. Stitch around body, attaching arms and legs at the same time. Leave neck open. Stuff body firmly. Insert two 9in. lengths of boning into body and head. Stuff around the neck and close the opening, at the same time sewing body and head together.

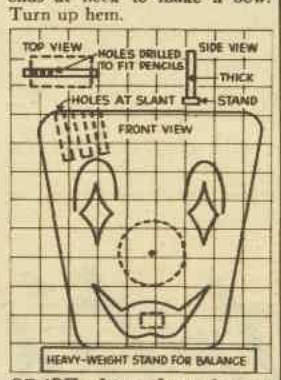
Nightdress: Cut out pattern pieces, gather skirt between notches, and sew darts on yoke. Attach yoke to skirt between notches. Trim armholes and sew up side seams. Slit down back of yoke for 4in. Bind all raw edges with bias, leaving ends at neck to make a bow. Turn up hem.



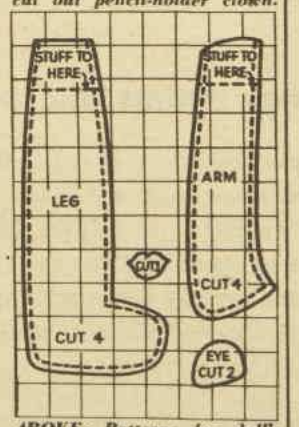
DOLL'S BODY (above) can be cut to any required scale.



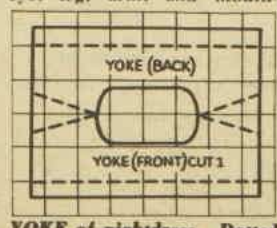
ADJUST scale of above to match other pattern pieces.



GRAPH above shows how to cut out pencil-holder clown.



ABOVE: Patterns for doll's eye, leg, arm, and mouth.



YOKE of nightdress. Dotted lines show darts and seams.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

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Continuing . . . . The Round Voyage

from page 55

listen to what other people said. He turned to his companion.

"Julia, let me introduce two shipmates of mine. Sister Bellamy and David Howard, our deputy purser." The girl nodded, somewhat distantly. "This is Julia Raymond. She's sailing with us tomorrow."

"Please don't call me Sister," said Ann. "Not tonight, anyway. I haven't got my hat on."

"Of course——" Fellows was apologetic. "I can't imagine what I was thinking about."

To Julia and David he explained: "There's great symbolism in a nurse's hat. It puts them into a sort of third sex. They even address each other by their surnames — quite frightening." He added archly, "We've worked together for a year now, and I've never dared to call her Ann before."

This piece of whimsicality fell flat. There was a rather heavy silence. David saw that Ann had been right; Fellows was waiting for an invitation. Ann looked cross, Julia supremely bored and indifferent. It was difficult to know what to do.

Eventually he said tepidly, "Would you like to join us?"

"Love to," said Fellows. "Wouldn't we, Julia? Sure you don't mind?"

"Not a bit," said David. Ann gave a strained smile and said nothing. The waiter brought two more chairs to the table, and Julia and Fellows sat down. It was an awkward party from the outset. Nobody apart from Fellows had shown any anxiety for its composition, and even he became thoughtful after a while, as if conscious of the possibility that a mistake might have been made. Between the soup and the meat he danced with Julia while David danced with Ann.

David said, "I'm sorry. I couldn't get out of it."

"I know. He'd have waited there all night until you asked him." She sighed. "Well, there goes our evening."

"We can still enjoy it."

"Up to a point. At least I've earned a pound."

"So you have." He negotiated a corner and then looked round to make sure they were not overheard. "What do you think of her?"

"Not exactly rousing company, is she?"

"Not yet, certainly. But she looks interesting." He added cautiously, "Of course, one doesn't know what there is behind the facade."

"Stupidity, I should imagine. That's the usual thing."

BETWEEN the steak and the sweet Fellows danced with Ann. When David turned to Julia she shook her head.

"If you don't mind, I won't," she said. Her voice was slightly harsh, her manner nervous and abrupt. "No reflection on you. But I've just taken my shoes off, and I couldn't face the business of putting them on."

"That's all right with me. I don't really enjoy dancing very much myself. I do it so badly."

"Yes," she agreed mercilessly. "I was watching you."

He glanced at Ann and Fellows on the floor. They were both excellent dancers, and they moved together with instinctive grace. One would have sworn there was some emotional understanding between them.

"Fellows is very good," said David.

"Oh, wonderful." Her tone was sardonic. "And he can talk at the same time. The lower half takes you through the samba and the upper half tells you what the best people are thinking about the National Health Service. It's quite a trick. Have a cigarette?"

"No—you must have one of mine——" He fumbled in his pocket, but before he had time to take out his case she had thrown a cigarette across the table towards him. He accepted it and allowed her to light it for him. She had a disconcerting way of taking the initiative.

He should, he felt, be finding out something about her, asking a few well-chosen questions, the answers to which would trace in some of the major lines of her background and form a basis for their acquaintance. Before he had time to think of a suitable approach she said: "Why do you suppose we joined up with you?"

"Well—really—I don't quite know. Naturally, we were delighted——"

"Peter wanted it."

"Did he?"

"You know he did. He forced you into it." She laughed. "I get the idea that he's scared of being left alone with me. What do you think?"

He did not reply immediately. It was difficult to know what sort of answer was expected. Was she amusing herself by trying to embarrass him? Or was this her natural behaviour?

"Ann thought he'd want to join up," he said.

"Perhaps she knows him better than either of us."

"She works with him. Do you know him well?"

"Not very." She left it at that. It was as if an exchange of factual information was the very thing which her conversational method was designed to avoid. She went on, "He reminds me in some ways of my father. You know my father?"

"I don't think so."

"If you don't think so, you probably don't. He's had a lot of publicity recently."

"Really?" David was becoming exhausted.

"Yes. Naturally that appeals enormously to Peter. Though I believe they genuinely like each other as well. They have a mutual affinity. Father acts the grand old man at Peter, and Peter acts the respectful young man back at him—they both enjoy themselves enormously." She crushed out her cigarette. "Sometimes I think that Peter's more attracted to my father than he is to me."

When the others returned to the table, Julia sank back immediately into the bored listlessness of her earlier manner. She appeared to have either no talent or no inclination for small talk. David began to understand the reason for Fellows' anxiety to increase the party. The evening dragged on. At twelve o'clock Julia looked pointedly at her watch.

"I don't know about anybody else," she said, "but I'm tired."

At last, with the promise of liberation, a spark of gaiety began to appear in the party. While they waited for the girls to return from the cloakroom, Fellows said to David:

"That was a grand evening. I enjoyed it enormously. A piece of luck, meeting you and Ann."

"Yes."

"A very nice girl, Ann—one of the best. And sensible too. Knows her job backwards."

"I don't doubt it."

"Believe me," said Fellows ponderously, "you're a very lucky chap."

Indignation mounted in David. Could it be that Ann was spreading the idea that there was some sort of understanding . . .? But the suspicion was disposed of as soon as it presented itself. She would never do anything so outrageous. Fellows had simply been jumping to conclusions. No doubt there was a good deal of gossip about the two of them among the other officers.

"I don't quite follow you," he said coldly.

"Oh—I'm awfully sorry. I thought—with you two being so thick, as it were . . ." His voice trailed away. "I seem to have put my foot in it."

"That's all right." David kept his temper. It was perhaps as well to clarify the position. "As you say, she's a nice girl. I like her company and she likes mine. That's where it stands. If there's any change in the position I shall of course notify you. Then you can tell the rest of the ship's company."

"Yes, of course." Fellows accepted the rebuke without rancor. "I understand how you feel. That's one of the snags of this life—unhealthy proximity and a lot of talk about other people's affairs. I've felt it myself for some time." He became confidential. "As a matter of fact, between ourselves, I'm thinking of packing it in."

"Going ashore?"

"Yes. This was always only a temporary thing for me, you know. It's no sort of a life, staying on board ship for good—not for a doctor, that is," he qualified hurriedly. "It's different for you, naturally. But a ship's surgeon occupies rather a dubious position. After three or four years, people begin to look at you and say, 'There must be something wrong with him, hanging about on a liner.' They wonder if you're a drunk or just plain idle. And if you leave it too long, you can't get anything good ashore. So I reckon it's time I settled down."

"Where?"

Fellows lowered his voice. "This is strictly in confidence, of course."

"Naturally."

"I've got my eye on a partnership. It's been in the wind some time. Queen Anne Square—just around the corner from Harley Street——"

David looked at Fellows almost with affection. This in itself almost justified the evening; a phrase so unconsciously significant, so perfectly appropriate to the man who delivered it. He repeated it softly, savoring the words.

"Yes. Quite a plum, isn't it? The senior partner's ready for retiring."

"You think you'll get it?"

"I think so. They don't want just anybody, you see. It's all private work — no National Health Service — the sort of show where personality counts. I met one of the partners on my last leave and he seemed to take to me. Even so, it was a bit of a toss-up. But a few days ago I met Sir Edward Raymond—that's Julia's father, you know—at a party, and it seems he knows this partner quite well. He's promised to put in a word for me." He grinned delightedly. "It's a small world, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed."

"That should sew it up. Sir Edward's a pretty influential man—but then, of course, you know about him."

"The name's familiar." Something, some vague memory, was buzzing at the back of David's mind like an imprisoned fly. He had heard the name before. But where? And in what connection . . .?

"You must know," said Fellows confidently, as if implying

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Notice to Contributors

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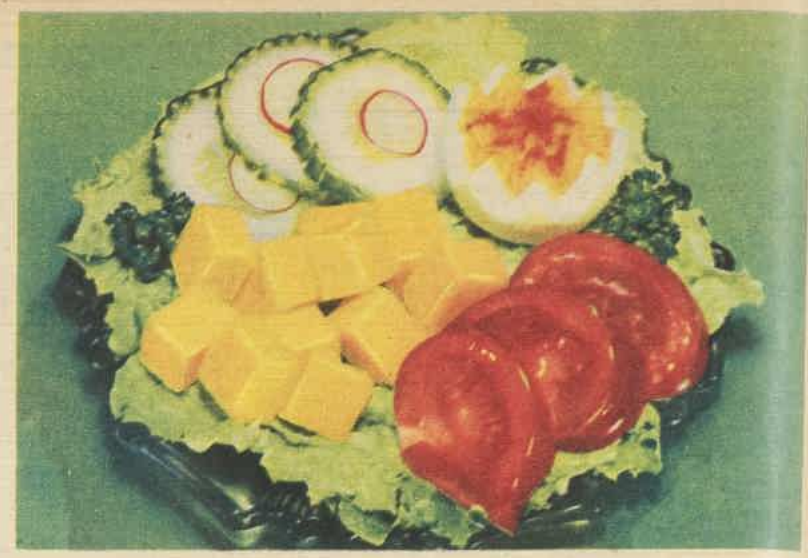

Dainty luncheon salad — just for you: On a lettuce-lined plate arrange wedges of tomato, diced Kraft Cheddar, slices of cucumber topped with slices of radish and half a hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika. Garnish with parsley. Chill. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

Rainbow salad — a sustaining family meal. On lettuce-lined platter arrange in strips: Shredded carrot, cooked peas, shredded turnip, 1 large tomato cut in eighths, sliced Kraft Cheddar and sliced cucumber. Chill. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

Tasty tossed salad (at left).

Ingredients: Lettuce leaves, tomato wedges, diced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, radish roses, sliced cucumber, Kraft Mayonnaise, garlic (optional).

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Gossip from the studios

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

AUSTRALIAN star Keith Michell's recent wed-and-run marriage to brunette actress Jeanette Sterke took the English film world completely by surprise.

Jeanette Sterke, better known to British television audiences, but now rising strongly in the British film firmament, first met Michell when they worked together in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon three years ago.

Since then both have come a long way in their acting careers. Jeanette Sterke is regarded as one of the most promising young actresses in England today. But nobody had linked her with Keith Michell, whom everybody thought of as a confirmed bachelor.

Both wearing dark glasses, Keith and Jeanette slid into Hampstead Register Office, and from there straight to a honeymoon in Spain.

They even took the precaution of going through Customs separately, in case the airport newshawks pounced.

★ ★ ★

LINDA CHRISTIAN, still industriously pirouetting in the limelight, has now bagged the headlines in Rome, where the papers are marrying her off to rich Brazilian "Baby" Pignatari. Also on his way to Europe is American TV comedian George de Witt, with the publicly avowed intention of asking Linda to marry him. Linda is issuing denials of any intent to marry either.

★ ★ ★

BING CROSBY'S bride, Kathy Grant, has been signed to star with Van Heflin and Tab Hunter in "Gunman's Walk."

New Film Releases

★★★ A MAN IS TEN FEET TALL

M.G.M. drama, with John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier. St. James, Sydney.

DIRECTED with sensitivity and insight by Martin Ritt, and photographed with arresting boldness and feeling for atmosphere, this film does a lot to revive the tarnished name of its studio as a worth-while moviemaker.

It is a sort of railway goods yard "On the Waterfront," with Jack Warden (so good in "Twelve Angry Men") giving another of his fine characterisations as the bullying foreman extracting his cut from his gang's wages.

In his first big role, Cassavetes, lean and intense, does very well as the army deserter with a guilt complex who falls into Warden's power when he goes to work under a false name.

Negro actor Poitier is the happily married fellow-worker who tries to teach Cassavetes his own philosophy that a man who is 10 feet tall in his own evaluation need fear no one.

If he continues to develop as he has ("Blackboard Jungle," "Something of Value"), Poitier, with his immense warmth, virility, and command, must end up as one of the most formidable actors of his generation.

In a film that mixes tenderness and humanity with occasional startling brutality, the telephone scenes with Cassavetes' mother, his bar-room attempt to explain his family background, and the fight in the goods yard are memorable.

Ruby Dee is admirable as Poitier's wife, and the cast as a whole has been selected with exceptional care.

In a word: POWERFUL.

TO US? British actress Belinda Lee, who recently said she was divorcing her photographer husband, Cornel Lucas, is seen here with Italian actor Massimo Girotti, whom she met while making "Aphrodite" for a Rome studio.

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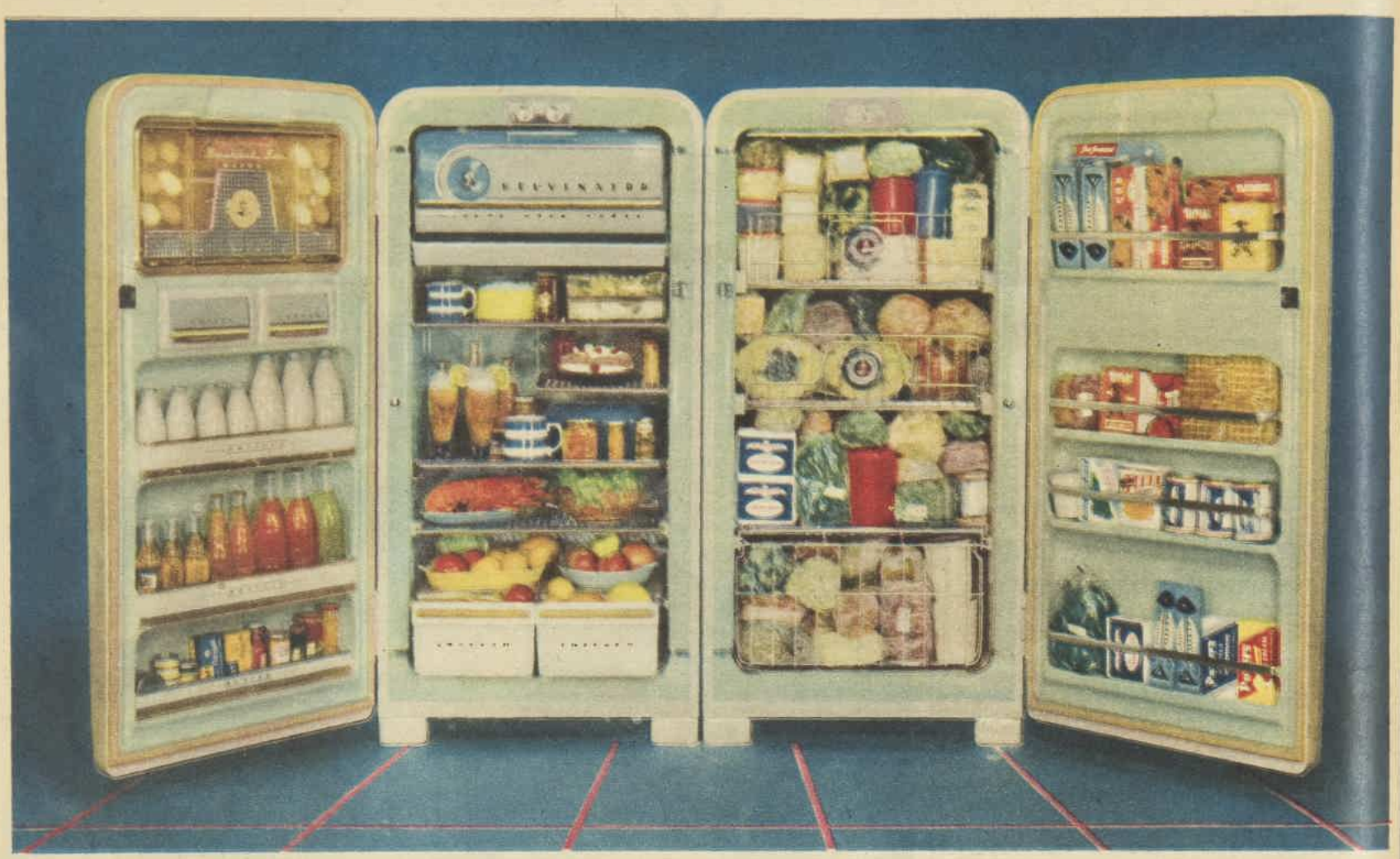

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Continuing . . . . **The Round Voyage**

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that David's profession of ignorance could hardly be other than an affectation. "The television chap."

The television chap. Now the essential clue had been given, David remembered. Sir Edward was indeed a celebrity, of a highly contemporary kind. Until recently he had been a respected but relatively obscure official of the Foreign Office, with a record of long and faithful public service and the prospect of honorable retirement ahead. It was as a member of a trade delegation in Washington that he received, and accepted, an invitation to appear on a television programme. His replies to questions were at first heavily non-committal.

The interviewer was about to give him up as a bad job when, quite by chance, he put in a question about the export of heavy machinery to certain hostile and unreliable States. This was a subject on which Sir Edward felt very strongly. The interviewer, ever alert for signs of loss of self-control, probed more deeply on the same subject, like a dentist investigating a decayed tooth. Finally he gained his reward. Sir Edward, goaded beyond endurance, cast away the habit of a lifetime and spoke his mind in public.

It was an indiscretion of sensational proportions. To Sir Edward's intense astonishment, he found himself, within a matter of hours, an international figure. He was hailed by the newspapers as "the plain-speaking diplomat." His sincerity and forthrightness were highly praised. A rumor that the British Government was about to recall him aroused a storm of indignation. The Foreign Office paused, axe in hand, uncertain what to do. At this point Sir Edward appeared once again on television. By now, subtle changes in his appearance were already evident. His collar was soft and a little sloppy, his eyebrows, brushed against the grain, projected in a bushy and distinctive manner from his forehead. The non-committal smile had taken on a roguish, intimate quality. He was in the process of becoming a character.

The Government, confronted by a situation beyond their experience, had tried to buy time. They had sent him on a hastily improvised confidential mission to Australia. This, Fellows explained, was now completed. The great man was returning to England on the Capricorn.

"It must have taken a lot of courage," Fellows said, "to do what he did. If there hadn't been such a popular fuss the Government would have broken him. Yes, he's a pretty fine chap." He paused for a moment in reverence for Sir Edward's nobility, and then said, "What do you think of Julia?"

"Very interesting," said David cautiously.

"Between ourselves, she's a bit of a handful. Got herself into all sorts of trouble in the States. No proper home-life, that's the main trouble. Her parents separated when she was quite young. She has the reputation," he said with disapproval, "of being rather unpredictable."

. . . .

They dropped Julia at the Hotel Australia and then drove back to the ship. When Fellows also had left them, David led Ann down the alleyway towards his cabin.

"You'll come in for a while?" he asked.

"Yes." She walked into the cabin, turned on the light, and dropped into a chair. "The usual thing for a girl to say at this stage is 'I mustn't be too late.' "

"Your parents will be waiting up for you?"

"Undoubtedly."

He switched on the fan. "They're probably just sitting down to lunch at this moment."

"Yes" She shook her head in perplexity. "You know, I can never really get used to time and space. It's hard to believe that mother and father are sitting frozen to death in a draughty dining-room in mid-winter, digging their spoons into a chunk of jam roly-poly . . .

"When, at the same time, here am I —"

"And a very good thing, too."

"Perhaps."

"Would you sooner be at the jam roly-poly?"

"Sometimes I think I would."

"Everybody seems to be dissatisfied," he said. He was faintly irritated. He had thought of dissatisfaction as his private prerogative. "Fellows was talking of packing up at the end of the voyage."

"A little practice — very select — just round the corner from Harley Street?"

"He told you, too?"

"He's told half the ship—all in the strictest confidence."

"I gathered," said David carelessly, "that he was hoping for some help from Sir Edward Raymond."

"So that was what he was up to with that girl?"

"Evidently."

"I thought there must have been something of the sort."

"You didn't like her?"

"She was a bit obvious, wasn't she?"

"Was she?"

"I thought so. And not much to look at, when you come down to it."

"She has a good figure."

"Passable. But her mouth's poor. And then that hair——"

"I thought the hair was rather magnificent."

She sighed in exasperation. "If I did mine like that you'd say it was untidy and vulgar."

"My dear, you're a wire-haired terrier—not an Afghan."

He laughed, and then she laughed, too. The air of constraint which had hung over them all evening was suddenly gone. He said, "I'm afraid the evening was a flop."

"It couldn't be helped. Thank you for taking me."

"I owe you a pound."

"So you do. English or Australian?"

"We never said."

"It makes five shillings difference."

He smiled and said, "I'll make it an English one if you'll let me kiss you as well."

"Do you really think it's worth five shillings?"

"Cheap at the price."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. At first she responded, but then, suddenly, as if by an effort of will, she drew herself away.

"No," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because I can't play at this. I've tried it and it doesn't work as far as I'm concerned. Either I feel something seriously or I don't get anything out of it at all."

"So you don't care for me?"

"I didn't say that."

"Then——"

"I've been at sea now for nearly two years. Before that I worked in hospital for six. I've learnt quite a bit about men, one way and another. When they're lonely or unhappy they're liable to snatch at anything which they think will make them feel better. If they like a girl well enough they'll make love to her. And she—if she's not careful she gets the idea it means something." She said gently, "You must remember that I'm not getting off at Tilbury next month. You're liable to get stuck with me."

"I don't understand you," he said uncomfortably.

"Of course you do. You're not in love with me. No, please" — she cut in as he opened his mouth to speak—"please don't say anything; it would lead to an embarrassing argument. There's no reason why you should be in love with me. You never pretended to be. I think you're fond of me and you probably find me physically attractive. At sea that's usually enough, I know.

"Everybody has great fun for a few weeks and then the girl walks down the gangway and that's the end of it. But next voyage. I shall be still here—and the voyage after. When you get tired of me you'll either throw me over and feel bad about it or else stick to me out of loyalty. I don't want either. So I'm going to be sensible."

He did not answer immediately. There was no contesting the truth and good sense of what she had said. She was gentle and pretty, and capable, and he could see no reason why he should not be in love with her; but reason, in such matters, was of little importance. There was a need within him, he knew, which she failed to satisfy. In his fight to escape from the tedium of his present life her sanity and competence would be of no help; they would be more likely to drag him back. And yet he could not let her go completely without a struggle.

"Must we always be so sensible?" he asked.

"I must. At least in this case," she said decidedly. "I've too much to lose."

. . . . . .

The embarkation was proceeding. For the last twenty-four hours the Capricorn had been loading stores and cargo. Now her tanks were full of oil and water, her refrigerators and storerooms packed tight

To page 74

FOR THE CHILDREN

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with meat and fish, flour, fruit, canned milk, cheese, chocolate, foie gras, biscuits, and sturgeon's roe. Numberless crates of whisky and gin, wines fortified and unfortified, of beer, stout, and cider lay comfortably at hand to ensure against thirst or ennui.

The decks were scrubbed and polished, the lifebelts newly painted, the deck quoits and the ping-pong balls ready in their racks for instant use. The Capricorn was ready to put to sea.

Now the baggage was being stowed. The passengers, with mistrustful eyes on the cranes which swung their trunks and suitcases up and away out of sight, to drop them into the hold, gripped their hand luggage and came aboard.

In the accommodation all was chaos. Passengers were everywhere, blocking the alleyways, calling for stewards, complaining bitterly about mislaid luggage and the inadequate ventilation of their cabins. They stood in excited groups round the notice boards and jammed the passage leading to the barber's shop.

As sailing time approached an atmosphere of mild hysteria seemed to take possession of them. In countless numbers they crowded on the decks, waving to friends and throwing streamers.

David sat alone in the berthing office, a small, dingy apartment above the purser's office itself. In the intervals of answering questions about accommodation he grappled with the problem of seating arrangements in the saloon. This was

Continuing . . . . The Round Voyage

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a task which had necessarily to be left until the last minute, and one which, as he knew well from previous experience, could never possibly be carried out so as to give satisfaction to everybody.

David thought with envy of those society hostesses whose difficulties extended no further than the seating of thirty or forty guests for one single dinner. His table plans had to cope with hundreds; his guests were unknown both to himself and to one another, and they would have to tolerate their positions and their neighbors for at least a month. In these circumstances it was unlikely that his efforts at tactful placing would be successful.

HIS difficulties were least at the top and the bottom of the scale. The captain, on information from the company as to the relative importance of the passengers, decided on the composition of his own table. Persons of obvious insignificance could be safely allotted to the assistant pursers and junior engineers. It was in the area between these two extremes that his problems lay.

On one side were the passengers, jealous of their prestige. On the other were the officers, each with particular demands. The purser, who wanted peace and quiet at all costs. The deck officers, who cried out for pretty girls as compensation for tantalising and inconvenient hours spent on watch. The commander. The doctor . . .

Despondently, he finished the list as best he could. As usual, he left his own table to the last, filling it with certain dubious names whose significance he had been unable to assess.

When he had finished the table plan, David took it down to the purser's office. Ross glanced over it cursorily and then handed it over to be typed.

"Well, God go with you, my dear boy," he said. "Let's just hope you haven't made any irredeemable floaters."

"I wouldn't guarantee it."

"No, indeed. I remember vividly a certain Portuguese count we once put at the captain's table. He turned out to be a brassiere salesman. Talked nothing but shop the whole voyage."

There was a blast on the siren and a burst of shouting from the passengers lining the decks. The ship trembled slightly.

"Pulling away," said Ross with satisfaction.

"Yes. Anything you want me to do?"

"Not at the moment. Go and get some fresh air if you like. Wave good-bye to Sydney for me. I'll see you at dinner-time."

David walked out and stood leaning on the rail. Slowly, silently, in the hands of the tugs, the Capricorn moved out into mid-channel. Last faint shouts of farewell were swept away on the slight breeze which ruffled the water. The crowds on the deck thinned out. David felt somebody at his elbow. He turned and saw Julia standing at the rail beside him.

"Here we go," she said.

"Yes."

"Much more fun than taking off in an aeroplane, I'll say that for it. I felt as if I ought to have been throwing something myself."

"Weren't you?"

"No. Nobody to throw it to. But then," she said, "this is all old hat to you."

"Not entirely. There's always something in leaving port. The first time I sailed out of Tilbury I got quite a sensation. But it gets less and less each time. Now — there isn't very much. Mainly it's a sense of relief, because the ship's on her own. There isn't anybody to cause trouble from now on except the people on board. We've shaken off the shore people. On the other hand, of course, we're stuck with the passengers."

"You don't like passengers?"

"There's a certain prejudice against them. For the first few days they don't know their way about and they're always asking silly questions. Then they settle down for a week or two and life's quite bearable. But it doesn't last. Soon, being on board ship isn't a novelty any more. Doing nothing but eat and sleep and sun-bathe is all very well at first but it loses its attraction. That's when the real trouble starts."

"What sort of trouble?"

"Quarrels, petty feuds among themselves, complaints about conditions. Their cabins are too hot or too cold. They don't like the people they're berthed with. The food's monotonous, the engines are too noisy, there isn't enough entertainment. Or there's so much entertainment that it keeps the older people from getting to sleep.

"If you have the awnings out everyone says its stuffy—and if you don't have the awnings out somebody gets sunstroke and wants to sue the company. Passengers aboard are as idiotic as sailors ashore. Of course," he said, conscious of having been slightly indiscreet, "you mustn't repeat this. The official attitude is that we think you're all the most wonderful, wonderful people."

"I'll try not to complain too much."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of you in that connection," he said. "The younger people are never much trouble. They can find ways of amusing themselves."

"Deck quoits and tombola?"

"Not entirely."

"Romance?"

"Yes. I don't know what we should do without it on the Australia run."

. . . .

Always on sailing day the purser and deputy purser dined together in the purser's cabin, on the pretext that they were far too busy to change and go down to the saloon. It was a cherished privilege. The first meal aboard was a difficult time for everybody; for members of the purser's department, condemned to accept responsibility for the inevitable confusion and bitterness generated by the table arrangements, it was little short of a nightmare.

Ross, a master of evasion, considered it better to be unobtainable until the excitement had died down a little. "Leave it to the head-waiter to sort them out," he advised David. "He makes more money than we do."

And so, behind locked doors, the two of them feasted lightly off oysters and crayfish salad. The purser was in a melancholy, unresponsive mood. He pushed away his plate with the food half-eaten, lit a cigarette and gazed out of the porthole. They were now in the open sea.

After a few minutes David said, "Anything to see?"

Ross shook his head sadly. "Tons and tons and tons of nothing."

"You're usually very cheerful when we get to sea again."

"I'm not feeling my best." He patted his stomach nervously, as if it contained something which might explode unexpectedly at any time. "I begin to wonder if this shellfish agrees with me." He added, with judicial fairness, "On the other hand, of course, it may be sheer neurosis."

DAVID nodded, in a way which was designed to be sympathetic but non-committal. The purser's internal upsets were an old subject as far as he was concerned. That was one of the depressing features of the life they led. They saw each other too often and there was so much time for talk. The same topics were thrashed to death. No matter how much you liked a man (and David liked Ross very much), his personal idiosyncrasies became desperately tedious after a time.

"I wouldn't be really surprised," Ross went on in a confidential voice, "if all my symptoms turned out to be purely mental."

"Surely not?"

"Yes." He was insistent. "I may be going a little round the bend. The strain's beginning to tell on me. And no wonder."

David wondered if some remark was expected from him, but none was. Ross carried on, as if hardly conscious of his presence. It was the prelude to a familiar monologue.

"Ever since I reached the exalted position of passengers' butler on this vessel," he said, "my steps have been dogged by morons. I don't refer so much to the passengers themselves—we're paid to put up with their lunacy. What I object to is the nonsense we have to stand from the people who are supposed to be working with us.

"We sit here, in the centre of the ship, between fools on the bridge above us and fools in the engine-room below. As soon as we touch land, we get more imbeciles, gibbering up the gangway, mopping and mowing round the office. Is it surprising that I'm not the man I was?"

He sat back in his chair, breathing hard. David, who knew from experience that these tirades usually had their origin in some specific incident, asked him:

"How do you find the new commander?"

"Hume?" A look of pain came over Ross' face. David saw that his guess had been correct. "Don't talk to me about him. He's only been aboard for forty-eight hours and he knows the answer to everything."

"A useful man."

"Yes, indeed." He paused for a moment, brooding. "We had a conference with the old man this morning about the crew."

"Did you get anywhere?"

"No. You know what Slade's like. He talked all around it, heard everybody's case, saw everybody's point of view, and left it at that. We're no further than we were when we started."

"Did you have a spokesman from the crew?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"Colebrook, as usual."

Colebrook was an ageing lounge steward, an old company servant who had often served as crew representative in such matters before. Though tenacious in negotiation he was for the most part reasonable. He knew the officers well and was respected by them. He had had excellent relations with Bull.

"And the captain told him nothing was going to be done?"

"Yes, in effect."

"How did he take it?"

"Not too badly. He adopted his usual manner when he thinks he isn't going to get everything he wants. Respectful but pigheaded. I know him pretty well by this time, and he's not really so obstinate as he pretends to be. Often he sympathises with our difficulties but doesn't dare to say so. All the time he's got his mind on those boneheads down in the engine-room. If he thinks he won't be able to persuade them of something, he won't agree to it himself."

"How will it work out?"

"Who knows. It's a vicious circle as it stands. The men

To page 76

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William Le Lievre, A.I.D.A.A., is a leading interior design consultant and Past President of the Interior Designers' Association of Australia. He was a design consultant with George's of Melbourne before leaving to partner his wife Keera in their own firm of consultant designers.

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LRD:21

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Now — before it is too late — discover how to enjoy daily regularity — the way Nature intended.

Unfortunately, the woman trapped in that laxative bottle is typical of so many of us! At first she reached for harsh laxatives only when the need was there . . . when she became constipated. After a while she found she was needing a dose quite frequently, then almost every day. She found she couldn't be regular without frequent doses of those harsh laxatives to "help" her.

Doses get bigger and stronger
One day she woke up to find that she needed even bigger and stronger doses than usual. This was the danger signal that she was trapped — but she didn't realise it even then. She went on draining the life and vitality out of herself — until even the biggest doses couldn't bring the kind of relief she needed! Her system was tired of being jolted into action — too tired at last to respond.

Now read this sincere warning . . .
The British Medical Association magazine "FAMILY DOCTOR" says: "Purgatives cause constipation by irritating and paralysing the bowels. This fact was known in A.D. 100 and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since. If you have developed the 'laxative' habit, discard it at once . . ."

Don't let this happen to you!
You may think "That can't happen to me!" But don't be too sure of that. Constipation is a very common complaint nowadays — and it is becoming more so *because of the kind of foods we eat.* Civilization has given us many unnatural tastes and values. Too often we take good raw materials and refine them until every trace of roughage — or bulk — has disappeared. These over-refined products are used in a wide variety of popular foods which make up a greater part of our daily diet. Even in our own homes we tend to overcook many foods, and rely too much on mushy dishes.

Further good advice from "FAMILY DOCTOR" . . .
"FAMILY DOCTOR" goes on to say: "regular habits, adequate bulk — like cereals — in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect" (regularity). It's just as "FAMILY DOCTOR" says: *we need that vital bulk to keep us regular.* Without enough of it—sooner or later—the whole digestive rhythm slows down. It has nothing to "grip" on . . . becomes "paralysed." We suffer from constipation, become headachy and listless. We catch more colds than we should, and we wonder why we feel so tired and depressed. What we need is bulk, not laxatives.

How to put bulk back in your diet . . .
There is a pleasant *natural* way to put bulk back in your daily diet — and get your system working easily, gently and completely — *as Nature intended.*

All you need do is to enjoy All-Bran every morning. All-Bran is a delicious, nut-sweet breakfast food made by Kellogg's from the nutritive outer layers of the wheat grain. It is not a food for "faddists"— but is enjoyed daily by hundreds of thousands of Australians just like yourself.

Unlike harsh laxatives, All-Bran *builds* your health
Enjoyed every morning with hot or cold milk, All-Bran not only supplies the vital bulk your system must have, but it builds you up at the same time. It is a *health food* — rich in Vitamins B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Unlike habit-forming harsh laxatives which drain the life and vitality out of you with every dose, All-Bran gives you the benefit of those health elements. Yes — it is *food* that can form only one habit — the habit of keeping you regular the natural way. *And it builds your strength and vitality at the same time.* Whatever invented purgative can do that?

Think of the years ahead . . .
Remember, as you grow older you will take less exercise — so the more important it becomes to get the proper amount of *bulk* into your diet. Start now — even though you may not feel a definite need. It is better to be wise now than sorry later — when you are trapped in a harsh laxative bottle. Delicious, nut-sweet All-Bran is sold by your grocer.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

K 292

Continuing . . . .

The Round Voyage

from page 74

say the food isn't fit to eat. But they're getting the standard rations and we can't give them any more without permission from Leadenhall Street. The captain doesn't want to cable to London about it, and why should he? The rations are quite good enough.

"The main trouble is that the crew cooks are rotten and half the food gets spoilt or lost. But if you go for the cooks they blame it on the new ovens—which we got for them at enormous expense because they didn't like the old ones." He said gloomily, "They're a bad lot, those cooks. I wouldn't be surprised if they were spoiling the food on purpose."

"Can't you do anything about them?"

"If you raise your voice against them they start shouting about victimisation."

"What did Hume think?"

"Oh, everything's simple to him. Real tough deck-officer stuff. Fifty lashes all round—show them where they get off—they won't dare to do anything about it—you know the line. It may be all right in the Navy, but it's no good in a ship like this. You haven't got the Admiralty Act behind you. You've got to show a bit of finesse."

"I see what you mean."

"My feeling," said Ross, scratching earnestly at a patch of prickly heat on his left forearm, "is that there are two elements in the crew. There's a decent lot who are just fed up about the food. And then there's a gang of agitating so-and-so's down in the engine-room who are using the food as an excuse. If we can make the first lot see sense, we're getting somewhere. With that idea, I had a private talk with Colebrook after we'd been with the captain.

"I said, 'Look here, Colebrook, let's talk man to man. You know as well as I do that those stinking cooks are at the bottom of it all. Don't you, now?' He said, 'Mr. Ross, do you think I'd get anywhere telling that to the boys down below?' That's his attitude."

"If that's the case there doesn't seem much point in him acting as crew representative."

"Well," said Ross perversely, "I suppose we could do very much worse. At least he wants to see reason, which is something." He gave a disgusted grimace. "Personally I've reached a stage where I'm quite nauseated with the whole business. It's high time I retired and bought my chicken farm."

DAVID sat back in his chair. He recognised that the conversation had moved into another well-worn groove. Ross had been peddling this particular fantasy of his for so many years now that it had gradually hardened into an obsession. It was no longer "a chicken farm" but "my chicken farm." He could see this imaginary place in his mind and, given half a chance, describe it in considerable detail.

At times, various people had endeavored to infuse a little reality into the conception. They had pointed out tactfully to Ross that keeping livestock of any sort is a complex business, especially for those with no previous training. They had talked of capital outlay and labor costs. They had reminded him that summer in England lasts for three months at the most, and that for the rest of the year farming is a damp, dirty, and depressing occupation, with no provision for pink gins and afternoon naps.

Ross had always managed to disregard such ill-mannered intrusions into a world which he regarded as particularly his own. If pressed too far, he would ostentatiously turn away and cease to pay any attention.

He was happily discussing the humanitarian aspects of the battery method when there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?"

"The commander."

Swearing furiously under his breath, Ross went over to the door and unlocked it. Hume poked a pink, shiny head round.

"Got a drink for a thirsty man?"

"Of course. Come in and take a seat."

HUME was in mess kit. The jacket and trousers were perceptibly tight, as if he had put on weight since he had bought them, and his stiff collar seemed to be biting into the tissues of his neck. He took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Wondered where you were hiding," he said reproachfully.

"We're always busy on sailing night. We don't have time to change for dinner."

"You didn't miss much, I can tell you. All I can say is — thank heavens it's over."

"You found it an ordeal?" asked the purser with satisfaction.

"You're right. Who made out those tables?"

"I did," said David.

"Then I don't wonder you holed up here." He glared bitterly at David out of bloodshot eyes. "Don't you ever give me such a septic-looking bunch of crows again, young man."

"It's unfortunate," said Ross tactfully, "that the most distinguished people are so often the plainest."

Hume was not so easily mollified. "From now on you can keep your distinguished people. Give me something I can look at without smoked glasses. There were one or two about, I noticed."

"Really?"

"Yes. There's a nice piece of homework on the captain's table."

"That's old Raymond's daughter," said Ross.

"Oh, I see. I suppose she had to go there. Though I should think she's wasted on Slade, wouldn't you?"

"He has quite a way with the girls."

"Is that so?"

"A perfectly respectable way, of course."

"Oh, quite—quite." He paused to take a long drink from his glass. "He's been with this ship quite a time, hasn't he?"

"Ever since it was reconditioned after the war," said Ross.

Hume shook his head in puzzled fashion. "I don't know. I don't find him too easy to understand."

"You'll get to know him in time."

"Doesn't seem to take much interest in seamanship."

"Bateman is an excellent first officer. He can manage quite well. Slade doesn't like to interfere with men who are doing a job properly on their own."

"No. But, all the same, that doesn't leave him much to do."

"He has to take the responsibility for whatever happens."

"That's true. Perhaps he thinks that's enough." Without much conviction, Hume added, "Well—I suppose he knows what he's doing."

To be continued

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Fashion PATTERNS

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4010, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6017.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make panties. Sizes 24 to 30in. waist. Requires: Sketch A, 1yd. 36in. material and ⅛yd. 36in. lace; sketch B, 1⅛yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4709.—Glamorous lace wedding gown, the pattern including a design with a ballerina and floor-length skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Sketch A, 11¼yd. 36in. material; sketch B, 6½yd. 36in. material; plus 2½yd. lace edging for each design. Price 6/6.

F9459. — Cool sleeveless summer dress finished with a rick-rack braid trim. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5½yd. 36in. material and 40yd. rick-rack braid. Price 3/6.

F9401. — Attractively styled late-day and later dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yd. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F9470. — Tailored shorts and a smartly styled sleeveless blouse. Sizes: Shorts, 24 to 30in. waist; blouse, 30 to 36in. bust. Requires: Shorts, 1¼yd. 36in. material; blouse, 1⅞yd. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4708. — Flower-girl's dress designed with a prettily flounced skirt. Sizes: Lengths 29, 33, 37, and 42in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½ to 3½yd. 54in. net, 2½ to 3⅝yd. 36in. lining, and 4¾yd. lace edging. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 600 — "SACK" TENNIS DRESS

The dress, which can be worn belted or unbelted, is obtainable cut out ready to make in white pique and white sanforised poplin. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 29/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 601 — FAN-SHAPED DUCHESSE SET

The set, featuring an unusual fan motif, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat, 11in. x 17in.; small mats, 7in. x 8in. Price 8/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

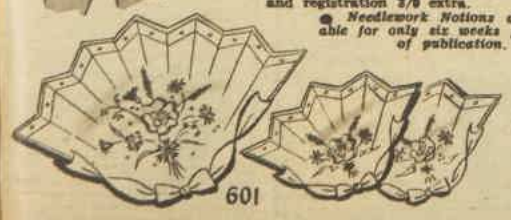
No. 602 — ROMPER-SUIT

The suit, designed with a white pique front, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is check gingham, obtainable in blue and white, red and white, pink and white, and lemon and white. Sizes: 1 and 2 years, 16/9; 3 and 4 years, 17/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 603 — ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress, with its pretty Empire-line bodice, is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is floral cambric finished with a white poplin trim. The color choice includes lemon and blue on white, beige on white, pink on grey, and pink on green. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 44/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

● *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.*



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Each week . . .

The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

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HAPPIER EATING! It's a treat to watch your family's face light up when you serve crisp golden-brown Weet-Bix for breakfast! There's a smile of pleasure — and a smile of *health* — in every spoonful of these sun-kissed whole wheat biscuits.

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WS/57

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is on the planet Magna where **PRINCESS NARDA:** Has won an interplanetary beauty contest. Wishing to return to Earth, they are told that the only way is for them to have their memories of Magna erased. They agree and are returned to Earth. The only clue that they have ever been away is the magnificent ring the emperor placed on Narda's finger as a memento of her visit—a memento she will never understand. Mandrake and Narda awaken back on Earth with no recollection that they have ever left it. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RU

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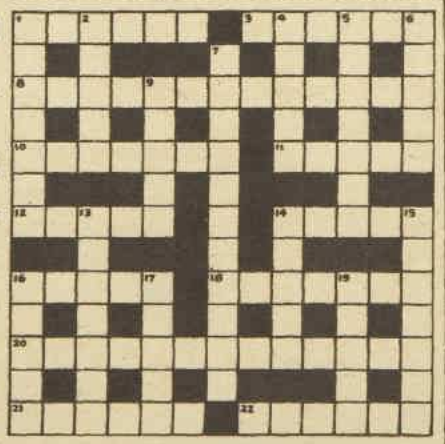
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A part of the bridle on a herd of whales in an opening (6).
3. Permanent inclinations in his bat (6).
8. In the centre of the action of bringing things into just balance is the seventh sign of the Zodiac (13).
10. Remarkable but it's not an article of dining-room furniture (7).
11. Prevent legally by poets (5).
12. Dry it, it's not clean (5).
14. Fabric of open texture made in scale (5).
16. Add up all and take away fifty for the aggregate (5).
18. Lose the bigger half but shut in the whole (7).
20. The state of being ill-fated needs less buns (13).
21. Well-known self-satisfied Jack (6).
22. Machine for smoothing boards (6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. A legend picked up here and there (7).
2. Ascend a high hill (5).
4. Reduce what a sailor consumed (5).
5. I do it and I see it's stupid (7).
6. N U (5). S
7. The practice of living away from home is shown by the best man I see (11).
9. Enclosed place for cattle, for the public and for members, too (5).
13. Polish city a bit turned in the centre (7).
14. Fortified with spirit or adorned with 14 across (5).
15. This English poet was the author of "Faerie Queene" (7).
16. Make contact with (5).
17. A lord in Belgium (5).
19. Lot of water in a cone (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

AJAX new miracle cleanser with exclusive "foaming action" cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!

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No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

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Use AJAX on a **portion** of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

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